

THE RADICAL.

DECEMBER, 1868.

NATURE'S WARNINGS.

IT was the latest news from the Pacific coast of South America, that the bodies of those slain and buried by the ruined cities were breeding pestilence; that the robber and the plague were at large together, as if to finish what the earthquake spared; that towns and villages, with all the inhabitants, had gone under the surface, as a stone drops into water; and that in Ecuador alone the number of the dead was more than forty thousand. Was that whole coast only a great man-trap, cunningly baited with gold and silver mines, diamonds in the mountain streams, beds of guano sixty feet thick, and positions of commercial value, to attract unsuspecting thrift of every kind, and people in abundance, that it might be sprung upon them about once in forty years, or at intervals large enough to dull traditional impressions, and create the proper degree of unwariness? There are minds whose dubious conjectures concerning the divine Being dispose them to ill-feeling over these stupendous transactions of the elements. And, the more humane such minds are, the more shocking and indefensible the facts appear. The brotherhood of man asks some curious questions about the fatherhood of God. Has the fatherhood anything to urge in reply? Something; and it may be called the language of presentiment, or the warnings which the elements are by their very nature obliged to give to all animated beings who are likely to be involved in their action.

What, for instance, was the intent of the phenomenon which occurred in South America the evening before the late destructive

earthquake? A broad and steady light, like that of a large conflagration, appeared to the southeast of the seaport and town of Arica, the place which seems to have marked the center of the subterranean movement, and to have suffered most. This luminous vibration, which was the announcement of a serious disturbance of the earth's magnetism, was doubtless seen at many other points along the axis of the disturbance; but owing to the want of intercommunication, and the difficulty of obtaining intelligence from those countries, we have not heard that it was noted. Nor could it have been telegraphed from place to place. Yet it was the plainest hint that the earth could give, short of shaking, that something dreadful impended. "A presage shuddered through the welkin." And if the inhabitants of Arica, or any one of them in whom the rest had confidence, had understood that great earthquakes heralded their approach by magnetic and atmospheric disturbances, which were reported by light, by slight barometric variations, and by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, they could have had the whole night to flee to the mountains with provisions for a few days, and with all the shelter that the climate renders needful. Not a child nor a mule, not a cat nor a dog, need have staid behind, to be caught by the terrific tidal wave, which rises when the subterranean motion is propagated from the earth along the sea's bottom. And if the whole line of the coast, from Quito to southernmost Chili, including all the mining stations, had been connected by the telegraph, as it would have been by this time under governments maintained by genuine republicans, the loss of property might still have been great, but the loss of life would have been insignificant. And all custom-house, court, and law documents, all mercantile records and receipts, everything that confirms important transactions, and involves the honor of individuals, could have been removed to a place of safety. For the telegraph continues to work during the most violent magnetic storms. There is no reason why the preliminaries to an earthquake should paralyze it.

Here, it is plain, is a lesson that ignorance is a calamity greater than all others that befall man. It is told of Goethe, who was philosopher as well as poet, that he once rang up his servant in the middle of the night. "'Have you seen nothing remarkable in the heavens?' asked he; and, when I answered in the negative, bid me run and ask the same question of the watchman. He said he had not seen anything remarkable. When I returned with this answer to my master, I found him in the same position in which I had left him, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me. 'This is an

important moment : there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place.' Then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this." In a few weeks the correctness of his observation was confirmed by the news that a part of Messina was on that night ruined by an earthquake. If, at a distance of hundreds of miles, a man can be sensitive to the approach of such a calamity, some knowledge that is on the spot ought always to be able to neutralize its worst effects.

Even if no warning were given, men should have learned by this time the law of periodical visitation. Experience has furnished the Peruvians with the right to expect two great earthquakes in a century, and the period between the two is from forty to sixty years. The last visitation of this kind occurred in 1806, so that the destruction of Arica was a little overdue. If any person thought his life was valuable to himself or family, or to any public interest, he would have spent the last two years out of the range of the vibration. Now it is safe to return, for forty years at least : but he has gone whence no man returns. If a man will live in a region that is subject to earthquakes, two years of anxiety is a small tax to pay for immunity to whatever he holds dear. Yet the nation that lives over Herculaneum and Pompeii builds its villas and plants its heedless grapes nearer than ever to the crater whence the ashes came that makes the foundation of its dwellings. Meanwhile, as if to have a bit of persilage with death, it digs through this ashes down to the old unconcern, and arranges the relics in museums. There lie the lovers in their long embrace, with no flesh to make it warm : there the lava-cast of a woman's perfect bosom suggests that no forethought and defence could be too great to intrench our heart against the rage of elements.

Some public authority should enforce the regulations that are suitable to all localities, for it is a part of good government to bring about a harmony between man and nature. When the inhabitants of Guanaxuato left their city in January, 1784, terrified by slow rolling sounds and thunder beneath their feet, the magistrates issued the following order : "The flight of a wealthy family shall be punished with a fine of 1,000 piastres, and that of a poor family with two months' imprisonment. The militia shall bring back the fugitives." And a proclamation also declared, "The magistrates, in their wisdom, will at once know when there is actual danger, and will give orders for flight : for the present, let processions be instituted." We are ignorant whether the authorities had, in this case, any justification for

their peculiar interposition. Perhaps long experience yielded the theory that subterranean noises were not presumptive of an earthquake in that locality. But their presence of mind on this point fell away to a lamentable absence of it when they prescribed processions in deference to results that did not threaten or that could not be averted.

"It is a generally received opinion at Cumana," says Humboldt, "that the most destructive earthquakes are announced by very feeble oscillations, and by a hollow sound. It rarely happens that a false alarm is given by a native. Those who are most apprehensive observe the motions of dogs, goats, and swine. The last-mentioned animals, endowed with delicate olfactory nerves, and accustomed to turn up the earth, give notice of danger by their restlessness and their cries." Some gaseous emanation from the earth affects them first. Crocodiles will suddenly quit the bottom of the rivers, where they feel the earliest trembling of the ground, and take refuge in the forest. Here are warnings, provided by nature herself, without expense to man, who is capable of observing and interpreting her gestures.

In tropical latitudes, the experienced sailor saves the lives of all the land-lubbers on board who deride him for taking in his sail, and making everything snug, in a clear sky. He sees a hint, and takes it. The stifling blasts of the Arabian deserts are always preceded by a peculiar yellow thickness of the horizon, and a sensation as if a furnace door had been just thrown open. Travelers have time, if they have wits, to dismount from their camels, and bury their heads in garments. Sometimes a party in Australia or Colorado will be traveling in the dry bed of a river, with a sky overhead out of which not a drop of rain has fallen for months. What is the distant murmur that approaches, swelling on the ear? It is the rain that has fallen in the mountains, coming down in the form of a wall of water twenty feet high or more. Such a wave must make a great deal of noise about it, and has to betray itself to the party below, which has time to reach the bank.

At some seasons of the year fogs have a peculiar smell, which announces the existence of miasma in the lower stratum of the air, such as generates ague and typhus fever.

A lurid appearance, with dense masses of cloud, fiery red and threatening, are the signs of a coming typhoon and hurricane. A sudden fall of the mercury in the barometer invariably attends them. "The wind rises and falls with a moaning sound, like that heard in old houses on a winter's night: it is akin to the 'calling of the sea,'

that melancholy noise which, in a dead calm, 'is the presage of a storm on many coasts.'"

When the Alpine streams are coffee-colored, the people know that the rain and snow-water is loosening the soil, and letting it slip down the stream to threaten a freshet. Then the fords and bridges are trod more warily. The glacier imparts to the mountain-guides the terms on which it may be explored with safety. There are signs of firm ice and rotten ice, of solid snow and of snow that conceals a chasm. They know by heart this Medusa's face whose only artifice of congelation betrays itself. So, in Lapland and Norway, the ice reports the very day when travel begins to be unsafe upon it, by the complaining of the rarefied air beneath, and the startling sound of cracks that score and split up the surface. The diamond point of the sun is traveling over it.

Many a good vessel has brought home its cargo safe, because part of it was a man who knew the color of shoal water, or felt the breath of an iceberg through its fog domino, or noticed how the water had begun to chill, or could recognize a coast by its rote, or a sunken rock, not laid down in any chart, by the bulge of water over it. Earth and sea faithfully keep their pact with men who concede to their conditions. They are confidential by certain changes of physiognomy which all men might learn to notice just as well as their favored few. And we may trust to that invariable law of all the elements, from common wind to subtle magnetism, that compels them to portend, in some way or other, by the very act of mustering. It is the rattle which is only produced by the gesture of coiling up to spring.

Nature prepares nothing, in a stealthy way, to bring man to grief. The treachery of ice and water exists only in human rhetoric, which describes how a skater went with his eyes open into an air-hole, or undertook to glide over a place that was avowedly thin. What can be franker than Nature's protest by the cholera against the ignorance that has been so stealthily at work, accumulating filth, choking drains, crowding badly ventilated lodging-houses, till a point of nauseousness is reached that gives cleanly Nature a turn? The ravages of small-pox and cholera should be endured but once. They are the sincere expressions of a Nature that requires decent food, air and light, and protection from the changes of climate. It ought to be man's constant business to shield the unfortunate from their own bad habits. The most treacherous element is ignorance; and, when Nature frankly tells it so, it whines, and calls her secret and dreadful in

her operations, talks about the stealthy plague, and invokes the divine interference. Why, the plague itself is the interference ; a most outspoken and emphatic piece of the divine mind. God says by it, "I can bear your secret vices no longer. I am ashamed of your habits of herding together in the midst of filth and foul air. I cannot live in such places. *There! Take that!* And don't blame my frankness, for I would fain be omnipresent, but I cannot enter your doors." What shall soften the accent of the divine expressions? To carry the host in procession, to mutter masses, to proclaim a fast, to supplicate the Lord to be guilty of inconsistency? These superstitions generally confirm the heavens in their consistency.

The language of warning is nowhere in nature more significant than in a human body that begins to feel the effect of vice. The circles of movement narrow inwardly like a vortex ; and, the nearer they draw to a catastrophe, the faster and more alarming is their course. But they can be always observed, and no man could ever say that Nature took advantage of him. She has a tone, corresponding to every vice, that is at once dissuasive and prophetic, a sign as plain as any guide-board that was ever put up to warn travelers off a quicksand. What is her speech, translated into English? "Young man, you would buy an experience of me. It is well : here are my terms, but they must increase with your demands for accommodation. Never say that I deceive you : for I begin at the beginning, with so many headaches after every debauch ; and, if your head is too strong for me, I substitute so many days of languor and the loss of morning hours. If you reach intoxication, be assured that I will so tally it upon your frame, that you can always read the score. Foot it up, from time to time : beware ; for, when the tally runs to the end of the stick, it is thrown away." That's her general statement, from which she departs in no essential particular. A flabby muscle, a softening brain, the limp of paralysis, the incoherent memory, the tottering ideas — all these are Nature's portents. The bloated and coarsened face, the eye that is dropping from the eagle's gaze of its youth to a blinking and aversion, the pen or the tool that trembles in the hand, these advertise the ravages of some indulgence, and urge that it be stopped. What a signal-station of Nature is the human face ! her colors are all the time shifting, combining, rising, and falling, to communicate, by a kind of a cipher not difficult to penetrate, the movements of all the enemies of soul and body. Friends can read them, and judiciously conspire. If a person has a habit of insincerity, the eye carries a turbid appearance which gayety cannot clarify, like a pool that stands

full of sediment from the trail of toads and tadpoles. It shows where all the little lies go plunging to burrow. And is it possible to mistake the faint quiver in one of the muscles of the corner of the mouth? it is gone, like heat-lightning; but it told the truth about its lie before it went. Or, if the face is imperturbable, it is so much so as to be set, as if to hold a brazen shield before the skulking. But it has as many interstices as a drag-net, and unfailingly lands its lie. These are the warnings of Nature, who desires to be innocent, and so betrays herself to all educators of the young, and persons interested in friends and social circles. They can take measures against the moral contagion. There is no passion so subtle as to be without a natural language. Its animality thickens and protrudes the jaw, pushes out the angle of the teeth. Stinginess sets the eyes too close together, or gives them pin-heads for pupils, or colors them with cold steel gray. Passions there are that thicken the neck, and broaden the base of the skull. Deficiency of conscientious regard will depress and flatten out the whole dome of the head, and in the worst cases, that can hardly be repaired, will overlap the forehead, and crush it in. Effeminacy tapers the hand, and turns the thumb to a finger. Energy thickens the hands, cuts the fingers blunter, and a powerful will seems to roll two ordinary fingers together to make a thumb. Look out for a hand too supple: there is indirectness in it, and fawning. The fingers are acrobats; too facile, and capable of every posture. The joyful and sincere mind lifts all the angles of the face: the testy, peevish, and contracted mind depresses them. Jealousy plows vertical wrinkles all along the ridge of the eyebrows, draws down the corners of the mouth, and exaggerates the muscles that sweep down from either nostril. In short, the soul builds all the features slowly, and creates the texture, color, thickness of the skin: the external lines of all the limbs, the shape of the foot, and the varieties of gait, fill out the combination of minute expression, by which unconscious goodness and infirmity throw their secrets directly into peoples' faces, and blab of their whereabouts. To all the creatures that receive from Nature glands to secrete a varying venom, she has given a noise, a movement, a gesture, a preliminary chance for all they threaten. And, when her bestial elements begin to accumulate in man, she strives after innocence for herself, and immunity for all the neighborhood, by furnishing every vice with its peculiar recoil. Will you light your pipe in a magazine? you are not the only person implicated. God has not laid a stealthy mine, but frankly proceeds to every spot where danger threatens, and stands there for timely

notice, making gestures that cannot be mistaken. We have all had those notices served upon us, and are constrained to say that Nature carries her heart in her hand through all her intercourse with us.

Peter the Great had an imperious vein which occasionally ran as high as madness ; when, for instance, he decreed that his capital city should be built upon the one spot in all Russia that was grossly unfit for it, the swamps at the mouth of the Neva, which were only the dribblings of the river. At immense labor and expense, for a century or two, St. Petersburg has become a luxurious city of more than half a million of inhabitants, whose lives and property annually depend upon the chance that a west wind does not blow when the Neva breaks up in spring. Terrible inundations have already given the people warning that their streets by good rights ought to be under water. In 1721, Peter himself nearly perished ; in 1777, the city stood under ten feet of water ; and, in 1824, an inundation occurred which filled the capital with corpses, drowned out all the prisons and the cellars, and left hardly one street dry. It was a symbolic action of the heavenly Father, protesting against the choice of a locality for the residence of beings so precious to him as his children. If, now, the west wind should ever come blowing fiercely in with a high tide from the Bay of Cronstadt, to meet the piling waters of the spring freshet, and force them back with all their ice upon the old marshes where they used to be at home, to find this city in their way, and grind it in one night to a sodden mass of wealth and people, what would the religion of mankind say about it ? I am afraid it would be quite generally called an inscrutable providence. Yet thrice has the Lord spoken, saying, " This is no place for men to live."

The situation of Holland, on the contrary, has its risks, to pique men with that spice of danger which heaven loves, to call out the nobility and firmness of its children, and establish, at the very edge of threatening, the virtues of a commonwealth. But every dyke is a law of God, for it is man's successful effort to reproduce heaven's natural barriers. Not without risk, for no living is without it : but the combinations of the risk can always be subject to man's superior skill. For what man thinks that God is so inscrutable as to let him live at the bottom of a well, or to give him many chances in the middle of Sahara ? He has told colliers often enough that all the coal they can loosen and deliver at the shaft is not worth the risk of the foul air that may stifle a hundred of them at a breath. The risk of its taking fire is a fair risk which Sir H. Davy baffled with his lamp. But, if lungs cannot be armed with some contrivance to transmit air

at the same time that it rejects choke-damp, it is a plain word of God to man to abandon the present methods of working soft-coal mines.

In that case might a new school of religious philosophy be created by the exigency of the manufacturer, who would delight to believe that it would be a great thing to have the coal unscreened of its tragedy, one to make coke for Sheffield cutlery, the other to keep a fine edge on human ignorance? He might subscribe to houses of worship, calling each the "Church of the Massacre of the Innocents," and found prizes for the families of meritorious colliers who should sacrifice themselves to economical and industrial views of divine providence. This is done already, in substance, wherever men are willing, for the sake of carrying on great operations, to subject slaves, coolies, colliers, and miners, and children in factories, to chances that are dead against their physical or moral life.

But in adapting mankind to circumstances, and in overcoming risks, the human character gains some of its most impressive traits. Above all, it makes the elevation of pathetic feelings possible. Tragedy is always found standing, with sublimity so often at her side, where the human will shows some incompetency, except for the act of suffering. No doubt science will eventually succeed in making ignorance appear as irreligious as it really is in spite of its prayers and ceremonies. The crudeness and savageness of Nature will be circumvented, and man will find himself prepared to avoid these sweeping catastrophes, like the South-American earthquake, which are too shocking to be pathetic. The imagination is overwhelmed, like the shaken cities; and all the single traits, on which a moral impression depends, go down into indistinctness. Glaring, ghastly feelings are thrown up, and stand like that row of hideous mummies which the earth's shudder emptied out of the old Incan tombs. The tragedy that refines and chastens cannot be improvised in slaughter-houses. But, for the sake of that high influence, life must always have its risks, points of concurring elements, turns of luck or fatality, where science is baffled, or presence of mind does not arrive in time. Suppose that God's symbolic action, instead of being frank and even blunt as it is now, should be prefaced by a great display and flourish of trumpets, as when cavalry clear a street lest anybody be hurt in the approaching pressure, as if he meant to say, "Get out of the way—I give you so much time—fall back, good people,"—and so urged with the flat of his sword, half bantering, half threatening, till everybody had left the neighborhood, then let his disaster fly, declared his moral or historic humor: life would become a charade; not living

indeed at all, but a sitting at fireworks with a chance reduced next to zero of being injured by the sticks. In the future epochs of knowledge, however human life may be guarded and ameliorated, still, to enjoy entire immunity, to be always escaping, would make it like a game of hide and seek. The cup of tears, in whose rising vapors we perceive the forms of sublimity that lead our glances to the sky, must never be upset to serve for a child's cricket or a posture-master's pedestal. Let the hands of men and women forever lift it to the level of their lips.

But, if we could escape from Nature, we should carry off our own hearts with us ; and they give Heaven opportunities for its sincerest dealings with us. No millennial expectations of a perfect earth, in which men might play, like the snake-charmers, with the earthquake, the plague and tornado, after science has drawn their fangs, can include immunity from the tragedies that arise in the conflicts of human ideas and feelings. Every roof will shelter the possibility of furnishing to art and poetry their profoundest emotions, and to the moral life trials that shall test its strain. The grief that visits battle-fields to recognize endeared faces, and to stand where a bullet tore a heart out of the grasp of love or friendship, will summon pride to help it weep as the tears fall to confirm a right, a moral privilege, to count the advantages of justice, to mingle with the blood that brims some cup of victory. There will be, in spite of science, lonesome lives that cover a dead hope, like graves in places out of the public eye, that are safe from the step of change, and mark in all weathers the shape that lies beneath. Neither grass nor rain can obliterate the domestic forms of these tragedies of emotion. Love will always be unrequited, misunderstood, too passionate, or too confiding. Wood will always grow to build the gallows for Andres and John Browns ; undiscovered quarries will furnish stone for patriot's cells, where they and truth shall languish together, while a deeper pathos will be shut in the step of nations deprived of liberty. Unworthy behavior shall still make victims suffer, and bad luck still be the plot of the most affecting spectacles.

I lately heard of a young Italian, whom the Austrians caught one day, some thirty years ago, in the prime of his youth and beauty. The iron in his blood and jet-black hair had been conspiring to become a sword in the hand of political freedom. In a month after he had left the sun behind, and the kisses of dear lips, his hair turned white. What a sudden snow to fall upon the high, flower-sprinkled meadows of youth ! Who can tell how many hearts saw the redness of their life fade upon that summit ! This young man was chained in prison to the

famous Poerio, whose memory is dear to every Italian republican. Poerio's mind, whose range could take in a whole earth of knowledge and culture, was thrown into a cell to rot for thirty years. The body submitted to this brutality, but the mind came out at the end of the period, when liberty broke the doors, still capable of nobility: and he stood for a time in a place of influence and authority. There came to him, one day, the old magistrate, who, toadying to the Austrians, had passed sentence upon him for the crime of patriotism. Entering the house, he did reverence to this body, which he had done his best to wreck, whose sole unimpaired function was magnanimity, and he dared to ask important favors. I cannot believe it was weakness that granted them, with a look that bore no galling trace of fetters and of prison fare. And so, through Poerio, God converted one more man. When thus we see what grandeur can exhibit itself in the tatters of human suffering, we shall be slow to expect that knowledge will drive religion from the earth.

How fortunate it is that an elemental world exists within us, to which the divine earnestness applies whenever the earth is in danger of becoming a great Shaker settlement, where emasculated sentiments pretend to have the style of religion. We reverence this whole frame of ours, the network of nerves in which appetites and emotions are entangled, a miraculous draught for the nourishment of souls. And, as in the natural, so in the spiritual life, God gives flaming swords of hints that stand before our paradise of health to guard it. In taking notice of these, religion pays its finest reverence to God.

JOHN WEISS.

SHADOW AND ECLIPSE.

I DESIRE to celebrate Shadow and Eclipse,—the withdrawal and absence of the ordinary interests and associations of our life ; just as we are apt to celebrate Light, and the outward presence of men and things that interest us. Who can forget that wonderful sonnet by Blanco White, in which he describes the natural fear for the fair fabric of the universe, in one who should see for the first time the approach of Night ; and then his glad surprise at beholding the full heavens, and the Eternal Peace and Order of the World which only this Darkness could reveal : and how he tells the secret of trust under all seeming evil in our lot, when he asks, "If light can thus deceive, then why not life?" The very daylight on which all things seemed to depend, had actually hidden those starry depths of order and harmony which guaranteed their stability. The earth must fall into shadow and eclipse, that its strong foundations in the heavens may be known, and the feet of its children walk assured on its beaten paths. What meaning has the beautiful symbol for human life, that, when friends have departed, we see the virtues we had not appreciated before ; that when the great and good are dead and gone, they have justice done them ; that sorrows and bereavements are not what they seem, but bring the sublimer blessings which the sunshine hid ; that the dread of the human spirit at the thought of departing life, will turn to glad surprise when it wakes to the star-sown invisible life that was hid behind its dazzling veil of the earthly day ; that —

"The soul shall know

No fearful change, no sudden wonder,

Nor sink the weight of mystery under,

But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow"?

Yes! all this it means, and more ; means that God and good are standing in all shadow to rebuke all fear ; means it every time the sun goes down, and the tender night of stars folds round anxious hearts and weary brains, unnoticed ; means it for the saddest and the weariest, will they but look upward into the sweet eclipse. But I would

note another meaning. In the absence of whatever has engrossed us, and seemed to fill the world, there comes the gain of moral *independence*. We stand off and get the self-respect to see our proper relation to these things. It is no longer the whole of life to live by them. There is more in life: there is more of us to be lived out. Not so much even what was in our routine, or hid behind it, did we need to know, as what was *in ourselves*, what of nobler aim and ideal it forbade. You must stand off from the hillside to get clear, full echo of your voice: be too near, and you get no sound. So you must stand off from your avocations to know the right of your own soul in its dealing with them, and make them reflect back your best tone of character. Is there anything any man or woman of us all in this overworked generation needs more than that? One may hold a dollar, or a tool, or a good book even, so near his eye that it shall hide the universe, and then itself. We want another kind of eclipse. Let us try to come at the lesson every night preaches as it supplants these precious hours of light we grudge every moment of as they pass away.

The strong daylight was our tyrant, dissipating, distracting, drawing every way, except to being, — ever *doing, doing*, not *being*; and *what* doing, God knows: but the doers — poorly enough do *they* know. With the night comes help to self-recovery and self-concentration, and a whisper falls within us, "What *are* we?" There is chance for the straight-upward look at last, through the blessed eclipse of all this multitude of things done and to be done. Then dare to star-gaze, I pray you, and do not be ashamed of it. Do one thing less by day, that you may do somewhat in this kind also. It is no idle nor foolish thing to look up into that infinite upper world of order and peace; the far, still light that does not burn like passion, as the day does, but strengthens and calms like pure thoughts of the wise; where no fetters and no limits oppress; where the great steadfast paths return into themselves with dignity and self-restraint, and the circling constellations ever point to the pole.

Egotism, self-reverence, impatient craving, have no place in that solemn distance of the night. You cannot own, you cannot bribe, nor make gain of, the stars. Would you escape petty fears or ambitions? Confront the purity that shames them away. See what independence this earth in its shadow, so full of vision, suggests and points us to. So were we ourselves but willing to be in eclipse, we should be free. But always to be seen and heard, to be in the blaze, to be thought to be doing some great thing, of one kind or another, — this is the passion that betrays, enslaves, debases manhood in these bustling

days. If there be a lesson more needed by Americans than any other, it is this which they scout till they understand what it means: *love the shadow*. Don't fear so much to be eclipsed. The night and stillness that are so good for your bodies point to another night and stillness that is *as* good for your souls.

There is virtue in the night to make us true masters of the day: it is through the darkness that the dew falls. Do we note what opportunity science finds in an eclipse? There was a total eclipse of the sun the other day. The astronomers made use of it to search for a new planet supposed to lie within the orbit of Mercury, and so near the sun that this perfect shadow, this full absence of his rays, was necessary to show it. So if we are to find any fresh star of aspiration, any orbit of duty that should run through our life and complete our spiritual wholeness or integrity, we must cut off the rays of familiar desires that are too close to us, and by virtue of that unwonted darkness look at life in the free, pure spaces of thought. The point outside is what we want, though it be but a moment of isolation, — the shadow of absence falling on our interests and pursuits.

I would praise what outward nature, so called, may do in this way, for those who go to seek it; nature cursed by the creeds, and hard to get at for most men, yet meant of God for such service, and more and more to render it, let us trust, even amidst the exactions of civilization, as there grows the bitter need of it for all.

Stand face to face with Nature on the mountains, in the forests. What total eclipse of our civilization it is! All the personalities, subservencies, partialities, masterships by policy or by money, the gigantic game of cunning and fraud, are out of place here; belong to another order of things. We stand in one great impartial Presence of pure, serene, inviolable law: it is sublime accordance, part with part, and each with all. The paltry politics and trade disappear: the petty men who are plying the state with mischievous plot or clamorous self-seeking, and drawing a crowd with cords of vanity and false pretence, turn to the nothings they are: the poor cares that fret away the unreturning hours vanish. O blest eclipse! Like Milton's blindness, irradiation by the nearer God! That infinite tenderness of far blue mountains, melting by sweet gradations into the brooding sky, — what a religion it brings in place of the theologies of fear and self-contempt, that cannot, for an instant even, abide this holy Presence! And the calm forest levels, beset with dark fir-spires, leading the eye upward to those heavenly horizons, — what seriousness there is in these! what disciplined rectitude seems to have clothed itself with beauty

and with vision in their strong, steadfast lines ! Flippancy of fashion, meanness of purpose, cannot look on that scene nor the thought of them even ; nor the contempt of human nature the constant sight of them in the small tracks of life may have engendered in you. Did you think that impression of sordidness so real that nothing could efface it ? Behold, the fir-trees of the valley shall overshadow it, and it shall be seen no more.

And there is more eclipsed in the shadow than the vices and the evil thoughts of social life. When the antiquity of the precipice confronts me, seamed and scarred with a hieroglyphic of experience that can never be read by man, my atom life sinks under it, as the small bird's wing dips into its darkness, and is lost. The pictured rock, and the great silent stone profiles that look off from it over our passing and our prating, seem to be the reality, we the shadows : even the quaint forms a childish fancy traces in the shifting clouds beyond its ridge are bodied forth to-day just as they were ages before the creatures or castles to which our fancy likens them, came into being, as they will be when these are known no more. Nay, even the little brook in its fleeting by our feet turns us to phantoms with its song, —

"Men may come, and men may go ;
But I go on forever."

But I meet no loss in this total eclipse of my mortality. It is good for me to feel that if I live for mere length of years, and the busy details that may be packed into them, the rock-faces, and their very shadows in the lake, confound and turn me to nought. It is good for me to see in these the unchanging, imperishable purpose to which ages and details are of no account, remanding me to that part of my being which is in affinity therewith, to eternal principles and sweet immortal laws of spiritual life.

I think life itself becomes a more *real* thing from such experience. These shadows which nature casts upon city and crowd, upon church and state, do not make duty a phantom, or opportunity a dream. I confess the plash of my oar in the lake in moonlight drowns the murmurs of the busy town ; the nestling song of a bird at nightfall out of the still dark forest will not let me hear the caucous speech and the drum-beat of the canvass ; the boast of Christendom in its only truth and way dies out of my hearing at the rebuke of the serious and spiritual pine-woods ; the newspaper is trivial, and I cannot be roused by the latest sensation or the wickedest lie ; the tele-

grams are like heat lightning on a summer eve ; the new political conspiracy flits like a ghost on the far horizon, and blends with yet remoter shadows of Papal allocution and French and Russian intrigue, and the incomprehensible war of Mikado and Tycoon ; that crimson maple-bush flaming in the green forest hides the Chinese embassy itself, the prophetic greeting of the East to the West, the brotherly call of Faith to Faith across the centuries and the seas.

Yet am I not ashamed. Has not Beauty also the right to my allegiance ? and shall not my ear be wholly given to her glad tidings and her pure appeal ? I have come closer to the law that makes and unmakes these human affairs ; converse with Wisdom and Innocence, and the Love that knows no swerving from universal good. It is well that men and things should lose their exacting distinctness of value, and pass into a common glimmer and haze. One can better disentangle and resolve them into their ultimate moral terms, and note the one ever-forgotten Hand that holds all the living threads, the one Purpose that all subserve. We know what duty means when we see it as one and simple over against life as a whole. We cannot know our manifold interests and relations as they are, till we have taken breath, brought men thus to one point of view, found self-poise and freedom, recollecting and detaching our proper personality from the things that crowd it, and recognizing its worth as that *one* thing which we are to honor and make good against all evil and all loss.

Nature pays us, for eclipsing our civilization, by the moral invigoration that comes in the escape from it. Do you note that they who really love the life in nature, and go really to meet it, not to flaunt their city vanities in each other's face, always show each other their best aspects in that meeting ? They forget all acting for ends, being absorbed in their wonder and admiration ; are thus freer and happier, and so better than their wont. They are like children come home from tasks to take the freedom of the house. What a new birth it is to cast off conventionalisms and front facts ! They want no other change of heart, let the preachers say what they will. What is health and joy, if not to earn your prospect by your climb, to pay for your leaves and flowers by your woodland search ?

"Purchase my freedom," says Nature to the pale citizen ; "but not with the gold that buys care, the cunning that debases while it achieves. Away with effeminacies, prejudices, formalities : the wood-gods laugh at them. Off with your distinctions, and be level with the

race. In what I gave, I will be paid: hand, foot, and eye; will and pluck; native instinct for simple direct sight of things. Learn to take steepness and storm, fatigue and peril, as I send them. Forgo scorn of little things, of small beginnings; and be thankful for the grass tuft and the fallen rock that aid you up the cliff and over the chasm. Not one twisted trunk that holds you clinging on the bare ledge, not one moss bed that receives your weary limbs, but is good company, and makes the wilderness a home. Tradition and creed are of no service here: only living experience helps or inspires. Immutable law is master, and you count on no miracle to save you when your foot slips; you expect no atonement for the lack of courage and skill. And you learn the stern but sweet philosophy, that, in life also, law needs no such patch-work or stretching, and never did need it, but is itself the well-fitting garment made to clothe manliness and faith, and prosper these, and these alone. Nature preaches the sufficiency of natural religion; lifts you to a sphere where Heathen and Christian and Jew are names of no account. Niagara has an undertone that is pitched in accord with all the sounds of nature; but it does not ask whether those sounds speak Hebrew or Iroquois. The leaves of the old Rock-Bible are inspiration; but they do not label their eternal wisdom with the name of Moses or of Christ. Your 'lords and masters,' say they, are of yesterday: our gospel descended through countless years, one with the ancient song of stars; nor did even that sermon on the Judean mount ever utter all this can tell to open hearts and well-taught minds to-day. The rose of sunset and the plunge of waterfalls taught prayer and sacrifice before the paternoster or the cross. When the fungus blossoms out of the dead trunk at my feet into shapes that foreshadow the morning-glory and the pine wood, may I not well forget that men are childishly basing their hope of immortality on stories of a risen corpse in a dim far age and land? What need I parables of Eastern lilies and harvest times, when the source of *all* parables is touching my every sense? Did the heavens open of old? What is that to thee? *Here* are the heavens. Thou too hast eyes. Read thou the blue which no murk of cities hides.

Does nature eclipse the social conflict, and make it dreamlike for a while? It is only that our faith may the better master its discouragements. How puny does evil seem, where the heavens and earth swim in tender purity and beauty, and every rock is older than the oldest sin! The uplands that stoop to the lake and the hills that brood above it shall outlast slavery: they are waiting the hour when all,

from least to greatest, shall know and bless the grace that God has set in them for human joy. I look through the happy soul of yonder painter of the woodland nook into coming days. These steepes and glens have outlived savage rite and sensual superstition. They refuse to be interpreted by the woes and crimes of to-day. Are fair hopes blasted, and noble lives spent, as the waters swallow up the wreck? Look up at the white clouds fleeting overhead, see the rocks crumbling under foot: behold how they pass only that the beauty of the world may *not* wane. Is one atom fruitless? Is one fair vapor lost? Shall not He who guards his heavens and earth from waste, much more cherish his children's prayer, and prosper their noble toils? The Spirit that has kept its purpose through the long ascents by which Nature climbed from chaos to fair heavenly uses, from sponge to man, cannot drop one impulse of the moral struggle, unused for the diviner ends of social good. Nature does not fret nor whine nor break her patient law to punish demagogue or Ku Klux Klan. Her perfect beauty stands unmoved, because it waits man's better hour.

It is good to have this great world of men, that, with all its successful iniquity, yet claims to be the whole, thrown out into shadow thus, that we may be taught God's reserves of good. Do not call this praise of nature mere sentiment and idle dream. As trader and politician, a man has small appreciation of the fact that a water drop holds latent electricity enough to rive an oak and shiver a cliff to fragments. But the thunder-cloud gathered in the mountains sweeps over the town, and he trembles for his household joys. Just as little does he appreciate the *moral* resource, the fatalities of *good* laid up in the laws that shape the mountains and paint the sunset clouds. Man runs his railroad across the huge prairies and the bare spine of the continent from Omaha to the Salt Lake. Let him not forget the lesson of the Kansas wilderness and the border-land of Missouri; how back to Washington and the selfish North sped the avenging bolts of a continent that would not grow anything from slavery and caste but woe and war. There is a righteous hate in nature's atoms for all iniquity, that will punish till it purifies. The blue heavens that enfold all conspiracies are full of rectitude, and, with untiring persuasion, goad to mutual help. No fiery hail sweeps off the Sodoms. God's arsenals are patient laws. These laws the harebell shall teach you, as you lie beside it on the cliff top, and watch its tiny stem and bell waving in the wind between you and the far horizon that enfolds the silent populous world, as in God's peace. But you must stoop to the gentle teacher, and forget your mighty *ego*, and its mighty doings, and go into shadow.

And so it is moral invigoration to stand where you can at once see nature in the light, and civilization in the shadow and eclipse. Contrast is nature's own path to highest effect, managed not by Church and Bierstadt, but in her own broad and delicate way.

It is my happiness in summer evenings to watch the most tender and radiant sunsets, I believe, our New England affords, over a still clear lake that rivals their hues. Through a great mountain gateway the eye is led out into a low western horizon; and the reflections come back from sky and rock and water, kindled by a sun that has gone down behind one side of the noble pass. And the secret of their wondrous impressiveness and splendor, is in the matchless framework of contrasted light and shadow in which they are set: the mount of darkness one way, the mount of brightness the other way; and, between them, the open heart of the lake, taking in the truth of each, and giving back through this wholeness of trust the *full* meaning of the glory that shines from the invisible sun. Plainly, the meaning of the symbol goes deeper than that which I have brought it to illustrate. And in the infinitely varied loveliness that scene affords, shines the blessing that may come not only in the contrasts of nature with civilization, but in those of our inward life, of sorrow and joy, of strength and weakness, of death and immortality.

There are many who do not love the strong tonic of this perfect contrast of pure nature with their common interests, fashions, and pursuits. They insist on dragging their trail of conventional life after them even when they seek the refreshment of the mountains; will not let it be eclipsed, as it must be, if help is truly to come from the uplifting of their eyes unto the hills. They know not how to leave behind their Sunday forms and faces, and take the new consecration offered them, not of *a* day, but of *the* days, of day itself. And they make another city of the country, and desecrate it with their vanities of sensational manners and dress;—

“Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
Who seek the crowd they seem to fly.”

If the glens are to be ball-rooms, and the solemn mountain-tops a railroad station, and the whistle of the steam-engine startles the eagles from their eyries in the Notch, what is left to offset these idols of the crowd, to show that these and the like of them are not the whole of life? Shall we nowhere give nature her right to meet us as individuals, face to face, and teach us that we are her children? Will men put it off till she comes home to them, at the last hour, in their mere dread of coming to dust?

But I will say nothing here of vices imported from cities into this great temple, which God has made, as man has made the town. There are no words adequate to describe this profanation; from the gambling-dens of Saratoga, and the nests of political vultures hatching treason amidst the spray and thunder of Niagara, down to the brand of the beast stenciled on the boulders of our New-England glens. I do not intend to pursue such theme, but must be allowed to make special mention of one excess by which civilization is hiding the face of nature just when and where it should itself be hid. The smoke of our burning woods blots out the sunshine, and turns the mountain air itself to fever and despair. It comes over all refuges from the July heats and dust, as the simoom sweeps down on the oasis in the desert. It is not only the health-seeker, the fugitive from business and strife, the traveler, the lover of nature, not these only that suffer. This fearful wanton waste of woodland by the incendiary in so many forms, the farmer too eager for new clearings, the spark of the steam engine, the camp-fire of the sportsman, the loafer's cigar, is doing more than the axe of the lumberman to strip our rocky land of its holy saving robe of green. There must be laws for the protection of our forests, or the land will soon be bare, our streams as dry as the bleached pebble-beds that once bore the rivers of Italy, and our summer climate the focus of a burning-glass in a torrid zone. What an eclipse of all nature's healing power, of her real presence, was this man-made scourge of smoke through last July!

While the highways of travel were a furnace seven times heated, the very mountains were rolled in this human perversion of the natural elements as in a garment of death. We crept about the wood-paths in a feverish spell, where nothing seemed real. Even the lofty Ararats we sought in this fire flood that we might look out over it, if the thing might be, were powerless to cheer. I walked that lofty Green Mountain ridge which in the popular fancy has a rather questionable resemblance to an upturned profile, but I saw no more than the poor dead face did. Through the lurid volumes that came rolling across it on a mighty wind, I could only read that I was losing the prospect of a magnificent land. Of what was this tantalizing smoke the symbol? Doubtless, of all evil communication and all vicious confusion, with which the artificial fears and desires of social life infect the natural religious sentiment; of the shadow cast over the laws of life and the deeps of providence by creeds which allow no clear vision of these, nor attained peace in them, but only the restless sense of some ugly doom, some hopeless loss for yourself or for others. This smoke is

like the spiritual atmosphere of the camp-meeting preachers, who manipulate the nerves and addle the brains of simple folk into the frenzy and fidget that goes for piety with their human droves. The New-England landscape is stained by these incursions of multitudes who come to worship the blue fires of their church-made pit. But the sweet country air cannot be wholly spoiled, and doubtless does something for their bodies and their souls. The spiritual suffocation it cannot cure comes from the vicious mixture of artificial with natural religion, interpolating superstitions generated by men in crowds into the natural relations of the soul with God. And it is of this that smoke is a kind of symbol. But nature teaches, of herself, to separate the light and dark, not to confuse them. How clear cut are her shadows! It is their intense blackness, utterly hiding *all* reflections within them upon the lake, that brings out most exquisitely the silver floods of sunshine that lie beside them on its breast. Give us indeed any eclipse of its own forms and colors due to nature itself. In a thunder-storm on Mount Washington; in that amazing and total effacement of the whole mountain world I have seen wrought in a moment by the cold, white mist of the Alps, leaving your hostel to seem all at once the only existing thing, — there is inspiration. Even a sea fog has its mystery, and its sudden glory when the sun strikes it. The smoke of burning woods itself, as a piece of nature, has its beauty; as when I have seen the scattered white wreaths of it rising over all the wilderness on a clear day, or the soft illumination it takes from the sun through the mountain distance. But when the thought of wanton destruction comes with it, there is no compensation for the misery of feeling it gather round you in its lurid choking gloom. It is that *vicious* mingling of social life with nature which blots out the blessing from both.

I have been illustrating in a rambling way, how we may learn to live more wisely and freely among men by really going home to nature, and seeing the city and the crowd, their interests and aims, in full outward eclipse. Nature is indeed our home; under our streets, its ancient layers; beside us, its new-made graves; over our heads, its countless symbols of eternal life. It is the fresh, free, hearty contact with its pure and healthful laws that gives the sense of ownership and opportunity in life itself; and one can cope as master with the fictions of church and state and market and society. That is not materialism it teaches: through its types the spirit must speak. To stand face to face with its wisdom of inexorable law is the way to learn to front the bare facts of duty in the soul and the time. Without

love of it the soul can neither be healthful nor free. Its symbols and parables are the daily bread of that natural religion which rests on the living mind and heart of man. What if you cannot easily come into the pure contact with it which shuts out the daily burden and care? Yet there is some opportunity for all. The robin carols his spring lays in the city elms : the grass blades on the mall quiver in the autumn rain. Pure, simple tastes ; the courage to put thought before things, and self-respect in place of dragging through dust and distraction after the sensations of the hour ; to love the recreative ties of friendship and home more than those exacting claims of corporate and club life in all kinds on which America is just now expending its energies, — these will open a new presence in the stars, the sea-shore, the pure breath from woodland and hills. To bear the heaviest sorrows, to reap the noblest joys of life, we need a certain idealism of sentiment and imagination ; a certain freedom to look at persons, interests, tendencies, as a whole ; a certain outside view that gives play to a large faith and trust and love ; to see in our smaller measure and our own world of cares, somewhat after His manner who is described as taking up the isles as a little thing. It is not without assurance and encouragement of this, that nature *will* remain, even in the midst of cities, calling men to a free and holy life.

"Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes :
For them Thou fillest with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

"Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound,
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

"And when the hours of rest
Fall like a calm upon the mid-sea brine
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine :
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE PHŒNIX.

'T WAS a rare bird of old, that in fables we're told
Sprang from its own decay,
Soaring to heaven away,
Up with its gilded plumes the clear ether winging:
So from their own decay, leaving their dust away,
New thoughts and winged thoughts forever are springing.

We have called it a myth, yet it holds in its pith
Vital immortal truth,
Ever renewing youth.

Death and the ages but nest where the fledgeling springs,—
Rituals, missals, beads, dust of dogmatic creeds:
New-born each moment, Truth mounts upon royal wings.

Thoughts of an hour, like the o'er-blown flower,
Hopelessly scattered lie.
Call them not back for aye
From the brain and the earth clod their ashes entombing:
Never will they return, but from the secret urn
New thoughts and fresh flowers ever are blooming.

To darkness and gloom, to death and the tomb,
Dear ones we've cherished so—
How could we let them go?
Surely, we know that within the grave's portal
Nothing but dust can rest; while, as from lowly nest,
Flame-born, the soul springs forever immortal.

Our faith in the past had seemed failing at last;
But the roots' of old Ygdrasil
Yet drink their fibres' fill
From the old fountain we seek to destroy in vain.
Fear not that faith will die! Let the dull ashes lie!
All they infold that is vital *must* rise again.

The dead past may rot: from its richness begot,
The future is springing free,
Alive to eternity.

All that has ever lived, lives in the possible.
All, that in age was truth, brightens the brow of youth,
Leave Death to bury death: life is unquenchable.

ISABEL E. CROSBY.

THE LABOR OF LIFE.

THE question of what should be done in life, and what should be left undone, is a hard text which none have expounded satisfactorily either in theory or practice. The literal interpretation is faulty and mistaken: the spiritual has not been conceived by the understanding. We assume that the world is a mistake, a bit of mismanagement on the Creator's part, a gap between his harmonious design and the unequivocal disorder that reigns, which the divine foresight failed to intuit, and which we must bridge over with our intellectual expedients, reforms, and reconstructions. The world is a pell-mell scene of confusion which has taken Providence unawares, and for whose redress or amelioration he is unprepared. We imagine the Creator apart from his creations, amazed and discomforted at the unforeseen results of injudicious bestowal of life upon creatures who make so foolish and sad use of it, and throwing upon man the whole task of extrication from the blunder. This is atheism. God is life, and life is God. The vital principle is life, and in that life are the germs of divine character which will eventually grow and expand, and manifest themselves. In the insect that crawls upon the ground, there is a portion of God. What is it? The *life* that enables it to move and seek its sustenance. God is the only life-giver, or, rather, is the life that incarnates itself in matter. The amount of life is dependent upon the receptivity of the material, the organization, the soil, the soul, the spirit. Just so much of the God-element as it will hold, just so much shall it contain. Just so much of intelligence as can permeate the mass, just so much will infuse and transfuse its substance, resolving it into higher conditions of utility and transmission. The law is the same from the animalcule to the loftiest human being. Life is there in the broad spaces waiting to be appropriated, incarnated: the degree of receptivity sets the limits, and measures the portion. The degree of life ascertained, the function of that life supplemented, the adaptation of circumstance succeeds and fits closely the accepted form of existence. Not a minutia is omitted of need, use, or pleasure: elements, soil, sunshine, climate, surroundings, instinct, adjust themselves relative to that life, and never fail to attend it throughout the range of animal existence. There is no hap-hazard

in the lower creations: is man an exception; a lapse of wisdom in the Creator, or an outlaw from the universal beneficence? Was the supreme design chimerical and impossible of fulfillment? or has man's perversion been able to frustrate all plans in his behalf? Is man's position providential? or has he dropped accidentally from the skies into the wrong country, the wrong place, adverse conditions, false relations, and into the midst of promiscuous and unfriendly chances? We must utter a most emphatic negative to all doubts of the Supreme wisdom and infallibility. Position *is* providential. Man is placed upon his native soil, and is set as truly, as naturally, as inevitably, as the growths in the soil, the coal in the mine, the minerals in the earth, stone in the quarry, or water in its channel. We do not find fishes on the dry land, or birds in the water, nor animals pursuing strange flights through the air; neither do we find man out of position, however mistaken the appearance may seem. He is planted in his true place, and his duties resolve from his condition. The place is his own, he cannot resign, no other can fill it. As there are no two whose grade of development is identical, there cannot possibly be an equality between two natures. As there is no natural equality, there can be no enforced equality of pursuit, labor, or aim. There can be no system of arrangement by which all shall be made to do certain things, or commanded to refrain from so doing. There can be no agrarian system of living or acting, no communism of purpose or pursuit; for organization alone commands, character ordains, individual necessity describes its own course and the manner of its performance. Thus to talk of division of labor is sheer nonsense; to dream of joining labor and thought in amicable and fruitful union is perverted imagination, unfounded in reason. Spirit and matter are not co-equals working together, but spirit is the one force to which all else is subservient. The earth is the first primary school of the spirit, in which it learns but few things, and those imperfectly. When the spirit is dull and stagnant, matter predominates; it is of the earth, earthy, and takes upon itself naturally and spontaneously the menial occupations, cares, and burdens of life. Like the dog, they have simply learned to fetch and carry; or, like the camel, to bear merchandise; or like the mole, to burrow. There is a certain transubstantiation that passes in the soul of every human being, a process of development through all grades of existence, from the animal, in all its forms and phases, to the spirit, which has but one, and that eternal. As the spirit progresses, there is a gradual and certain elimination of the material, a stripping of the outer coats, and a bursting of the shells that no

longer contain the advanced growth. Any live man or woman can discern the husks and shells that they have torn from their lives and strewn upon the broad highway of their onward march.

Spirituality is casting to the flames the rags and fragments of its past estate : materiality is preserving the remnants, and constantly increasing the stock. Our commiseration is false, and our benevolence sickly. We invariably find the right man in the right place, and the right woman in hers. If it were not so, re-adjustment would be immediate and imperative, not through the law of society, but through the law of attraction which would be violated in a single exception. We cannot arbitrarily assign the station and the degree of toil for any ; neither can we take a man from one place, and put him into another, or change the order of his arrangement. He is in the place that he has grown to ; when he grows out of it, you cannot by force keep him in it. Every grade of pursuit, every avenue of trade, every material crank, has a person adapted to it, a hand fitted to turn it. Force finds abundant muscle, toil finds abundant strength and sinew, trade finds nimble hundreds to fly at her bidding, thought finds pliant brains, speech finds fluent tongues, and inspiration the fairest ray of light divine, a few who are purified and chastened to receive its glow. The man of muscles is not the thinker, nor can the thinker depend upon his muscles for support. For those fitted to the work, toil is no infliction ; and when they become unfitted, a nobler avocation opens to them. Position is not arbitrary, but natural : there is the natural huckster, the natural driver, the natural shoemaker, the natural chimney-sweep, boot-black, ragman, beggar. The washer-woman and the fruit-woman, the sewing-woman and the chambermaid, fit the niche in life's duties which they fill. There is never any discrepancy between original capacity and the place occupied : they fit as the glove fits the hand, or the shoe the foot. Suppose that I feel an extraordinary solicitude for my chambermaid, lament over her condition of labor and servitude, resolve to share her burdens, and relieve her in her work. I take from her the only duty that she can perform with ease and propriety, and I plunge myself into an unseemly performance that unfits me for my own higher duties. I should blunder over her work, and she would stand aghast at mine. I can imagine no arrangement so pernicious and distracting as that which would compel each person to perform every item of natural necessity for themselves, — to cook, bake, build, construct, weave, and sew ; to clothe, feed, and shelter themselves ; or for every woman to do her own housekeeping. Society is a great family.

in which each can contribute a mite to the welfare and support of the rest: the choice of employment is left open, and ability fits the choice. Let those who like to cook, do it; or those who prefer muscular activity, pursue it. Let those who wish, work; and those who prefer not to, remain quiet without the imputation of idleness being thrust upon them. There is no such thing as absolute idleness: every human being is created for a purpose, and that purpose he serves whether he *works* or *waits*. The same with the domestic relations. There are those who love home, family, domestic intercourse, and all that attend them of care, solicitude, trial, or joy, and there are those to whom the whole burden is intolerable. Let the first marry, and find their congenial occupation in so doing; and let the second abstain, and find in freedom the accepted allotment. Choice is open, and yet gravitation is inevitable: the magnetic attraction holds its own throughout eternity; to friend and country and circumstance and labor; to thought and speech, and the embryotic feeling undefined; spirit to spirit, and all spirits to their God. "As bees construct their dwelling-place from the sweets they find, so should all mortals sustain the body by doing the work most congenial to heart and soul." Congeniality is the test: if the labor is uncongenial, the laborer will quit it; and no force, no society, no law, can prevent his withdrawal.

MARIE A. BROWN.

ENTICED.

IS life, then, worth no more to me than this?
These squandered hours I heap upon myself,
As though their burden were a weight of bliss,
Might better serve me gathering gracious pelf.
For, gathering pelf, be honesty the rule,
Ne'er dwarfs the soul, nor turns the man a fool.
Yea, I have heard of such as have thrived well,
In mind and body, and in their deeper soul,
At gathering pennies, one by one. The whole,
When weighed, worked such a wondrous charm o'er hell,
As vanquished e'en the arch-fiends' wiles. And so
Ran life one stream of bliss. No tongue could tell
When hours did come, nor how they chanced to go,
They did so vanish in their peaceful flow.

THE HISTORICAL CONTINUITY OF RELIGION.

IV.

THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GOD-IDEA.

IT is not the writer's intention to assume as much as the above title might seem to indicate. He does not pretend to be able to measure the entire orbit of the God-idea. All we can positively know is that which has already been developed, and which stands upon record in history. From the curve of movement thus shown, we may infer, but cannot positively affirm; we may conclude, without being able to predict. It is a great, but very common, error, to assume the present to be the ultimate. Every status of opinion presumptuously asserts its own eternity. Another presumption equally absurd, is, that a recognized movement will shortly turn upon itself, and carry us back to the good old times in all their pristine purity. This is an inference of the emotions rather than of the intellect. The present is always a degeneracy, and we look back to the golden past, and forward to the millennial future, the latter being only a repetition of the former. Hence we have had our emotional prophets all along telling us that science will soon come to the support of the traditional notions of religion. But science moves steadily forward; and, without ever intending to be so cruel, she has from time to time established the precise opposite of what is held to be truth in the dogmas of creeds and systems. This has disturbed the steady current of the emotions, and many have felt it to be a great evil, but science has had no terms of compromise to offer. The friends of dogma have confessed themselves compelled to adopt certain modifications of faith; but they are ever repeating to each other, "By and by some higher development of science will bring about a different result."

We hold, however, that the true way of coming to rational conclusions in the case would be to study the condition of religious thought three or four centuries ago, when scientific methods had as yet exerted but little influence, and then follow the course of religious ideas in connection with the development of science. It will be seen that the conservators of what was regarded as religion have opposed

scientific advancement at every step, fought it and resisted it, in some instances for hundreds of years; yet in every instance has science triumphed. "Science is slow to put her foot down, but she never takes it back." So has theology to make some adjustment out of respect to the last step which science has taken, if only to say, "This is only part of the truth: when it is all revealed, it will be on our side." Such attempts to evade the results of science but acknowledge their potency.

We maintain that the progress of science has been a continuous movement, with no signs of retrogression. The last result is always a farther remove than ever from theological forms of thought.

The old Bible notions about the heavenly bodies had to be modified under the influence of astronomy. Then came geology; and the Jewish ideas about the formation of the earth and the genesis of plants and animals held their ground with such tenacity, that it took three hundred years to gain credence for the fact that fossils represent what were once living creatures, and were not deposited in the strata by Noah's flood. Theology had assumed that the management of the physical world was capricious, being dependent upon a will which man could move by his prayers and sacrifices: science proved that the physical world is governed by fixed laws. Theology has still assumed that the human mind, unlike physical nature and the planets, is above the laws of matter: science, by showing the physical dependencies of mind, is proving its operations subject to the realm of law. The most comprehensive law of nature yet evolved, that of the persistence of force, is the most radically at variance with the pervading spirit of theological thought. We protest against the notion that science is going to take a new tack, and develop results at variance with what those results now appear to be. If we cannot give a well-defined, scientific reason for such prediction, — and this is never done, — it is wholly gratuitous, and must be regarded as the merest film of rhetoric.

I will not admit that science is only in its "quadruped state." The very idea of the scientific method places it above the suspicion of quadruped habits. Judged by their results on man and civilization, the theological method crawled, the metaphysical philosophy went on all fours, science walks upright. Doubtless it "toddled" for a long while; but every effort resulted in positive improvement, till now, we believe, it is becoming very sure-footed, and moves with a steadier pace. If, in its course, it is breaking idols, it is at the same time leading the world's greatest civilization.

By the ultimate development of the God-idea it is meant only to designate the farthest reach of thought on the subject which we are yet able to conceive of.

I. THE POSITIVE FORM OF THE GOD-IDEA.

If there is reason to believe, that, in the career of mind, the faith in individual continuance after death is an incident which may or may not obtain, and which pertains more especially to certain phase of human development, we naturally inquire, Is the God-idea also an incident? and, if not, what form does it assume in the maturer stages of its development? We have maintained that there is a warrant in history to believe that the germ of the God-idea exists as an essential element of the germ of religion itself; and that this germ, with greater intellectual development, unfolds into an idea.

Nothing better measures the mind than its idea of God. The measure is a moral as well as an intellectual one. The mind vicious, vague, stolid, and confused, so its instinct of superior beings. The first idea of God is of a being with will and emotions like man. God is personal. In a good deal higher state of culture, he becomes a universal spirit diffused through the universe, the soul of nature; and God is immanent in all things. But he is still the antithesis of matter. Lastly, the God immanent in all things becomes the universality of the forces inherent in matter, and which become physiological and psychological in the higher organic forms. This is simply the career of the human mind from its infantile to its scientific stage. The emotions at first controlled, and gave the ideas; afterward the intellect assumed the ascendancy as the leading faculty of the individual mind and of human development in general. The god of the emotions, submitted to the analysis of the predominating intellect, vanishes, and the powers heretofore personalized become the forces and laws of nature.

The development of the God-idea may take the same general, without taking the same identical, course among different peoples. In the case of the Semitic race, monotheism has no foreground of preparation as yet known to history. Nevertheless, the Jews recognized other gods besides their own, and they had subordinate supernatural powers, which, if found among any of our savage peoples, would be called their deities. They had a hierarchy of deific powers with Jehovah standing at their head, as they stood at the head of the nations, the chosen people. The peoples of whom we have anything like a complete history have reached monotheism through polythe-

ism. To assert, as M. Renan has done, that civilization and its ideas may, in the case of any race, have obtained other than through the slow process of growth and development, is to assert a miracle ; and, considering the nature of historical evidence, no such proposition can be sustained.

Pantheism is a more theoretical system than monotheism, requiring greater abstraction of mind ; and it pertains to greater individual culture, and to a later period in the career of civilization. In the case of monotheism, it is a God outside the universe, acting upon it and controlling it ; in the case of pantheism, it is God inside the universe, as the soul is inside the body. As man is the microcosm embodying the soul, so is the universe the microcosm embodying God as its living principle. Some such idea as this is entertained by a good many thinking people in our own times. We are disposed to regard it as a transitional stage in the career of the God-idea. What appears to follow it in the natural course of development is the conception of unity in the forces of nature as the source of all known activity ; forces inherent in, and inseparably connected with, matter ; forces ever active, ever developing into results, of which the greatest is physical, emotional, and intellectual man.

At first it was emotional being or power which controlled the phenomena of the world, and even of mind itself. This emotional power, under the fruitful imagination of man, assumed many concrete and abstract forms, till at length the emotional idea was laid aside, and nature came to be looked upon as a course of regular sequences, not immediately dependent on a supernatural will, but directed, nevertheless, by some remote and divine will, which operates back of them, and in some mysterious manner determines their character. Chalmers brings out this view in a striking way in an attempt to prove the rationality of prayer, by showing how God might play on the keys of original causation far back of where the chain of sequences comes within the range of human cognition.

Once it was God ruling by personal supervision, as man rules within his own domain ; now it is God pushed farther back by the encroachments of human knowledge, God retreating before science to retain his envelope of mystery, God laying aside the direct manipulation of the universe for its indirect management through laws which may be ascertained and known. The step which follows this is to dispense with this mysterious and remote will-power as only complicating the logical difficulties of the subject without explaining them, and to accept only of nature and its orderly sequences, of mat-

ter and its inherent or constant forces. According to this view, the world is not ruled either directly or indirectly by an emotional God: it is through the natural forces, acting by law, that all results are determined. So far, then, as we are able to trace it in the course of its historical development, what appears to be the ultimate form which the God-idea has assumed?

We venture to give it this expression: *The aggregate or unity of the natural forces acting by law.*

If it be mystery we love, we do not get rid of it here. We can ascertain the laws of natural and mental activity, but of the essential properties of mind and matter we know absolutely nothing.

2. THE SPECULATIVE ATHEIST.

The question here naturally arises, Is he an atheist who assumes to know and believe nothing of a personal or anthropomorphic God? Many people, more zealous than discreet, are ready so to apply the term.

We have in our mind two individuals: one believes in the supremacy of the divine will; the other, in the supremacy of law. The first believes in the government of nature by divine will residing in a personal character which he denominates God: he is an orthodox theist. The other believes in the government of nature by universal and inexorable law, beyond which he pretends to know nothing. Is he an atheist? I deny that any one who is intellectually sane can be a speculative atheist. To be such, is to deny the orderly government of the universe; it is to affirm a chance-world: and this is precisely the old notion of an atheist,—a mere creature of the imagination, more monstrous than the centaur, a hobgoblin image set up by interested alarmists to display their skill in knocking it down.

Of course I am not speaking of that sort of so-called atheism which consists in the non-recognition of a personal or anthropomorphic God: I am speaking of atheism as the antithesis of theism in the broader sense in which theism appears in historical continuity from the most primitive to the most cultivated peoples.

God is said to be everywhere present. How is this by the positive conception of God? The forces of nature are everywhere present. In this sense, God is in all things; in any other sense, the term omnipresence is vague and meaningless.

We have said that the forces of nature find their highest expression in man. This is "God in man." Man comprehends all that is below

him ; the mechanical, the chemical, the physiological, the psychical. The highest manifestations of soul-power are inevitably limited and conditioned by the forces of the elements which enter into the composition of his body. These manifestations depend on his food, his drink, his exercise, his lodging, the state of his health, his social surroundings, his educational facilities, and, more than all, on the constitution of brain and body received by inevitable law from his progenitors.

To the fact that we know of no combination of forces so complicated, so advanced, so high, as that which constitutes man, we may add this other fact, that man has never been able to imagine a being as God with attributes different in kind from those of which he obtains a knowledge within the compass of his own experience. The gods of mankind, as we maintained in a former paper, have been only man amplified and deified. The ideals of mankind have been the gods of mankind. The grade of the latter corresponds to the grade of the former. Beastly men, low gods ; cultivated people, more exalted deities. The scientific mind recognizes the supremacy of law. This is the spirit of its worship. The positive religionist conforms and obeys : * what more could he do ? In his finest ideal of the human character, that to which he aspires, he does not get beyond the domain of the forces which find their highest expression in man. It is still "God in man," yearning for higher attainment and more god-like (manlike) expression in actual life. This ideal is the creed God, whether of Christian or heathen. It is the essential God of the modern man ; and in all his effort to attain to it, through culture, labor, love, the religious element of his nature finds living expression. Who, then, is the practical atheist ?

3. THE PRACTICAL ATHEIST.

We have in mind two individuals. One of them believes that if he does wrong, especially if he violates some injunction of the ritual, God may punish him. The other believes that if he violate the laws of nature, of which the laws of his being are a part, he will necessarily

* Let no one suppose that the writer is a sectarian Comtist. He does not indorse the vagaries of that once noble intellect in its dotage. Just as little does he indorse the theological spirit in a new guise which seeks to make a god of Comte, and which accepts his religious notions as final. If Comte, in the vigor of his intellect, could witness some things done in his name, he would exclaim, "Save me from my friends."

suffer therefore ; and that consequently it is his duty, as well as his interest, to conform to those laws. Is he more an atheist than the other ? The first believes that he may commit an unneighborly act, under a selfish and unguarded impulse ; and at night may repent, and be forgiven. The other believes that the atonement for wrong already done is to be made through the compensating virtue of better doing now and hereafter. Who, then, is the practical atheist ? I do not say that the believer in dogma is, or that the believer in nature's laws is not ; but I do say that the practical atheist is he who will not learn the laws of nature, who recklessly violates them in his own person, and thus outrages the sanctities of his being. He is the practical atheist, even if he fall upon his knees three times a day, and beg that the consequences of his guilt shall not be visited upon him. Since the highest, if not indeed the only, God-expression to be intellectually recognized in the known universe is that which obtains in the forces of nature, and the laws of our being, then to disregard these forces, and violate these laws, would be the worst, if not the only, form of practical atheism.

Of the two, then, who believe, the one in a passional God, who looks upon wrong-doing as simply an offense against his personal dignity, which he may be induced, by the proper self-abasement of the offender, to forgive ; the other, who believes in God as that power in the universe which controls nature, and subjects the destiny of man to inevitable law, and thus is inexorable in the punishment of wrong-doing, and in the reward of well-doing, — of the two, I hold that the latter is far less an atheist than the other, and that to brand him with the epithet is at once a logical error and a moral outrage.

What is true of individuals is equally true of organizations. Are there any organized bodies, old or new, clinging to worn-out dogmas and empty forms ? — so far are they godless, and without religion. God and religion are to be found especially in the living truth ; that which teaches man the laws of his nature, and the absolute necessity of obeying them, if he would fulfill the ends of his being. The truly religious affiliations are not those which resist the truths of science ; they are not those which cater to fashion and vanity, to secure the prestige of style, and save themselves from present neglect and eventual dissolution : they rather trust themselves to the tide of evolving thought, and go forward with the irresistible forces of science and civilization.

4. THE TERM "RELIGION."

Radical friends say to me, Why use the word "religion" in a sense

so different from that in which it is generally used? Is it not putting new wine into old bottles, and, withal, something of a concession to error?

I reply, I believe in baptizing these old terms into the new sense. In regard to the word "religion," however, the new consists only in divesting the idea of what is merely phenomenal and non-essential, and retaining it with that kernel of sense which it has had from the beginning. I cannot indorse that method of looking which fails to discover the thread which leads through the entire history of religion down or (rather up) to its most radical form in our own times. The attempt under such circumstances, to throw aside the term, would be to commit what, in my opinion, would be a historical and philosophical blunder. In retaining the word "religion" to express the better aspirations of the human mind, even if it has laid aside its confident faith in a personal God and a future life, I but deliberately do what mankind always have done, and always will do in like instances, under the guidance of subtile instinct, or conscious intellectual design.

Open your dictionary at any of our leading words, and observe the several meanings shading into each other. How comes this about? Through progress in thinking, and through that subtile activity of the intellect which detects the finest analogies of thought. Take, for example, the word "law." Once it only meant an arbitrary enactment, a rule established by some competent authority. What did the ancient Jews know of law, but as that which they believed God himself to have promulgated from an original motive of will? They had not the least conception of natural law, nor indeed had any considerable portion of mankind till within the last one or two hundred years. There is the same difference between the old idea of divine law, and the modern idea of natural law, that there is between the old view of religion, and that which comports with modern thought. Yet, in regard to the word "law," there is an identical thought common to both senses, just as, in regard to religion, there is an identical thought common to the various applications made of the term. In the twenty-five or thirty meanings of the word "law," there is a chain of significance which connects them all. To throw aside the use of a term, upon the acceptance of the new views, would be to violate all precedent, and betray an intellectual obtuseness which fails to detect the essential trace of significance in allied thought. It would be to cut ourselves off from the history of our ancestors, and ignore their life and their thought, as if we were something totally different from them in the essential character of mind. I will not be guilty of this act of irreligion. I will not consent

that the great idea of religion shall be restricted to any set of notions or beliefs ; nor will I concede that my beliefs and opinions legitimately close the doors of religious recognition against me. The platform I recognize is broad enough for all.

5. THE INTELLECT AND RELIGION.

Ah, these cold, intellectual notions of Deity and religion ! They may do for minds of monstrous mold, for emotional and spiritual idiots, but not for well-balanced minds. In a proper balance of the faculties the soul has a science of its own, which the intellect must not be allowed to subvert ; and that science comprehends a personal and emotional God. Thus the Feelings. I reply, that, if we admit such a principle in the test of truth, we have no standard of truth ; and every emotion, though educated and directed by the incidents of life mainly, may lawlessly assert its exclusive right to gratification against all the logical exactions of the intellect. This is to rule out the methods of science, which have done so much for modern life ; and to assert the old methods of feeling, which have done nothing but set the world a-wrangling. The emotions become greatly modified unless they are educated just alike in the subjects of emotion. On the contrary, the intellect, when unbiased by the emotions, and directed by scientific methods, leads to unity of result, as science testifies. The methods of science have a moral as well as a logical result. They teach us to subordinate our prejudices, interests, and desires, and see things as they are. If a proposition be true because we desire it, or because it is our interest to have it so, let us know it, that we may dispense with intellect entirely. Then we shall not see, but feel, our way to the truth. The traditionist subordinates intellect to authority ; the creedist subordinates it to dogma ; the theological mind in general subordinates it to feeling ; the transcendentalist presents us a mixture of intellect and emotion ; the positivist gives the supremacy to intellect. The delusion of a spiritual science or a body of spiritual truths independent of the intellect is dissipated by a little reflection on the facts of comparative psychology. As we have shown, different peoples in the world so differ in their spiritual needs, and in their instincts and notions of God and heaven, that, in the incidents of religion, they are scarcely comparable ; and yet there are eloquent writers who erect their own spiritual needs into a standard for us all.

"Why it is that our nature, our whole mind, demands this Being as the object of its faith and adoration ; why everything within us cries out for God, for the living God, — I will not undertake to say

or explain. It may be because a boundless capacity and reach of thought naturally demand a boundless object, that a love such as we are capable of naturally soars to an infinitude of love, and cannot stop short of it. It is not — of this I am sure — a mere desire of infinite favor and protection. There is a deeper element, a diviner passion, in our being, that seeks its great original. And certain it is, that, if that central Light be extinguished, all in us is dark and desolate. Strike out moral *intuition* from our religion, and the cornerstone is gone. Strike away the doctrine of *immortality*, and its loftiest pinnacle falls. But strike at the filial faith in God, break that down, and everything tumbles into ruins."

As rhetoric, this is almost fustian; as philosophy, it is mystification. In the same article the writer says: "I remember a simple woman, teaching in a Sunday school, who so pronounced the word "God" — I do not recollect anything else she said, but who with such a tender awe pronounced that word, that it was a sermon to me, such as few could equal. That was forty years ago; but it has been a blessed impression upon my mind ever since."

This affords the key to what the author intimated was an almost inscrutable mystery, so that he went beating about for remote and transcendental reasons to explain what is really so simple. The great need in him and in others, for a personal and emotional Deity, grew originally out of the primitive notions of the will-government of nature, and has been perpetuated by the circumstances of life, by education and hereditary descent, till, without the light afforded by anthropology and comparative psychology, we are ready to affirm that this spiritual characteristic is fixed by the eternal decree and executive agency of God himself. Yet witness the educational power of a simple and earnest woman, to infuse her thought and feeling into an impressible youth, so that, after a period of forty years, it was still vivid in his recollection, and influential in his character! This, however, was but the smallest of the influences he experienced in this direction, some of which had been active long before he was born. We allow too little for the contagious influence of mind on mind. Impressions thus made on childhood may last through life. Millions of people, for a long succession of ages, may thus hold an error to be a truth. Only think how many there have been, and still are, to whom Jesus is a veritable God; and how difficult many of us, who have got rid of the myth, find it to write and speak this name as we would any other! If the emotional nature be strong and controlling these early impressions will continue through life to determine the

individual's opinions: if the intellect be the directing power of the mind, as it is becoming more and more, it may hold these sympathetic convictions in abeyance, and determine its judgments by the character of the evidence; that is, it will carry the methods of science into all departments of investigation, not excepting the moral and religious. Yet there are those who make it a merit to keep down the questionings of the intellect. According to their philosophy, it is evidence of a large spiritual nature if the intellect can thus be silenced, and the creed notions maintained in their supremacy. The defense of such philosophy is one with the defense of Jesuitism.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION. — We will close with a summary of results which we have reached in the course of our articles on the "Career" and the "Historical Continuity" of Religion.

1. The religious element in man has different phases of manifestation following each other in a determinate manner, and constituting a career of development.

2. This career of religion corresponds to the career of intellect; the development of religion being dependent on the development of the intellect, since, as this advances, so does the other.

3. There is religious instinct before the primitive mind becomes capable of ideas.

4. Along with this instinct, and an essential part of the same, is the instinct or conception of supernatural and mysterious beings; this conception constituting the germ of what afterwards becomes developed into the God-idea.

5. The more definite ideas of God do not obtain till after the youth or the savage has outgrown his infantile state of mind, and acquired some conscious and consistent control of his powers of reflection.

6. The belief in a future life is a later development, the infantile mind of the savage or child never thinking of it unless through instruction it is led to do so; therefore,

7. The belief in a future life is incidental, and not an essential element of religion.

8. There is some reason to believe that the human mind, which has to reach a certain point of development before it accepts or believes in future individual existence, will also reach a point of intellectual development where it will lay aside this belief.

9. Belief in a personal or anthropomorphic God or Supreme Being is accepted at one stage of mental development, and rejected at another, and is consequently an incidental, and not an essential, element of religion.

10. The continuity of the essential element of the God-idea remains unbroken through all stages of development, beginning with the instinct of supernatural powers, and reaching with advanced thought in our own times to the conception of the unity of force which finds its highest known expression in man ; and herein obtains the historical continuity of religion.

11. Since mankind frame their gods out of the elements of their own experience, projecting their ideals, and aspiring to commune with them, therefore the highest conception of Deity known to mankind would be that of the noblest and most intelligent human being, and the highest expression of religion on earth would be the effort of that human being to attain to his ideal through the avenues of culture and good works.

12. The origin and development of the God-idea and the nature of religion fall wholly within the scope of the knowable, and consequently religion will eventually become amenable to the laws of positive knowledge or science.

13. Sincere-thinking, truthful-speaking, earnest-working men and women, cheerfully accepting the order of nature, and endeavoring to make the worthiest use of life, — these are the truly religious.

The untutored devotee who makes use of his one talent does well, and we have no right to condemn him because we have ten. The true church embraces all the genuine manhood and womanhood of mankind, whether to be found in the dense wilderness, in the pastoral plains, the cultivated fields, or the populous cities ; or whether in Pagan or Christian, Greek, Gentile, or Jew, Moslem, Parsee, Hindoo, or Buddhist. Religion, in the more forward stages of its growth, is manhood and womanhood seeking to find the way to still greater intellectual, moral, and æsthetic attainment. In its ultimate expression religion becomes the aggregate of psychical unfolding in the individual, and of social evolution in the many.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

NOTE. — To the following works is the writer indebted for most of the facts and quotations of the preceding essay ; a list by no means pretentious, but quite sufficient, it is hoped, to call the attention of reflecting readers to the fact of an interesting relation between anthropological studies and the subject of religion.

(¹) John Lubbock, *Prehistoric Times*, pp. 345-348, 353, 354, 357, 410, 417, 431, 457, 462, 463, 467-469, 473, 474. (²) M. Georges Pouchet, *Plurality of the Human Races*, 16-24, 41, 66-71. (³) Dr. Theodore Waitz, *Anthropology of Primitive Peoples*, Vol. I. 269, 278, 279, 294, 295, 297, 302. (⁴) E. L. Brace, *Races of the Old World*, 216, 257, 286. (⁵) Dr. Louis Büchner, *Force and Matter*, 164, 185-190,

209-213. ^(f) Carl Vogt, Lectures on Man, 140. ^(g) Sir Charles Lyell, Principles of Geology, 599. ^(h) Harriet Martineau's Comte, 546. ⁽ⁱ⁾ William Rounseville Alger, History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, Part Second, Chap. VI. ^(k) Capt. Burton, Zanzibar and Two Months in East Africa. Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1858. ^(l) Westminster Review, April, 1860, art. Vedic Religion. ^(m) Edinburgh Review, October, 1859, art. Sir Em. Tennent, Ceylon. ⁽ⁿ⁾ North British Review, November, 1860, art. Modern Thought; its Progress and Consummation. ^(o) Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1859, art. Burmah and the Burmese. ^(p) Christian Examiner, September, 1867, pp. 140, 154.

SUNDERED.

I CHALLENGE not the oracle
That drove you from my board:
I bow before the dark decree
That scatters as I hoard.

Ye vanished like the sailing ships
That ride far out at sea:
I murmur, as your farewell dies,
And your forms float from me,

Ah! ties are sundered in this hour,
No tide of fortune rare
Shall bring me hearts I owned before,
And my love's loss repair.

When voyagers make a foreign port,
And leave their precious prize,
Returning home, they bear for freight
A bartered merchandise.

Alas! when ye come back to me,
And come not as of yore,
But with your alien wealth and peace,
Can we be lovers more?

I gave you up to go your ways,
O you whom I adored!
Love hath no ties, but Destiny
Shall cut them with a sword.

PROGRESS.*

“ONLY fools have never done foolish things, just as only poor men have never lost several thousand francs.” A paradoxical saying ; but it bears the stamp of M. About. M. About is one of those who often lose their case, but who always succeed in getting their revenge. He may have his falls ; but, somehow or other, he immediately gets upon his feet again. Supple, ever on the wing, diverse, he puts judgments to flight. You think you have in your hands the author of “Guillery.” By no means : this is an economist who speaks of budgets and clearings. You thought him rather conceited, but here is a dedication in which he talks about himself with a very proper and sincere modesty. You could perceive in him only the fantasy of the artist ; the paradoxes of the man of wit ; perhaps even the cleverness of the writer who wishes, at any cost, to be talked about : I am sorry for you ; for you must recognize, in the new book of M. About, a good sense superior to all the prejudices, all the exaggerations, and — allow me the word — all the humbugs of our day. Perhaps I have wronged M. About up to this time ; but I confess I have been agreeably surprised on finding in him a liberalism of a better quality. No one has ever shown more respect for true liberty, nor more courage in separating, from the cause of social and political improvement, hollow theories and fanatical declamations.

The reason why I, perhaps more than others, am disposed to render M. About justice, is, that I do not seek in him qualities that do not belong to the nature of his talent. I have never thought of asking from him a very elevated or profound, a very fine or distinguished, work. I have not opened his volume with the hope of finding there philosophical views. Let the reader do as I have done ; let him consent good-naturedly to be amused : he will be ; and as, at the same time, he will find himself interested and instructed, he will feel towards the author the sentiment best fitted to disarm criticism. I mean the satisfaction of receiving more than he expected.

We need not say that M. About is amusing. He has infinite wit.

* A notice of M. About, and his work, “*Le Progres*.” Translated from the French of M. Edmond Scherer.

He has almost too much of it ; since he has lately tried to make, with his wit alone, works of a kind in which one does not succeed without a little imagination and sentiment. As to this great book upon *progress*, it is full of gayety. You will find here an analysis of the cost of taxes, which is as piquant as the famous report to the stockholders in the *Roi des Montagnes*. And yet, even in respect of wit, we must take M. About for what he is, and for what he pretends to be. Those who cannot speak of him without mentioning Voltaire are wholly at fault. The genius of French pleasantry has changed very much since Voltaire. We are told that there is a new school of pun, of rebus. Very well : there is also a new school of wit, and M. About is one of the representatives of this new school. Once wit was put into thoughts ; to-day it is put into words. We are satisfied with an unexpected comparison, without troubling ourselves about the meaning attached to it. Pleasure no longer consists in fineness of allusion, but solely in the surprise at the *rencontre*. We are no longer *spirituelle* : we are droll. M. About excels in this style, which I shall venture to call the *charivarique* : he has given some examples of it that are still celebrated. Thus : when he wrote one day that the Papal States contain three million Catholics, not including the little Mortara boy. This is pleasant, and it makes us smile, because we are not expecting it ; but it is not properly wit, because, in reality, it is without meaning. Is this saying that such processes are not respectable ? By no means. Literature is vast enough to embrace all schools. There is room for farce by the side of comedy. And then is not one always in the right when he gets the laughers on his side ?

Let us pass from the author to his subject. Progress ! Progress, we well know, is the question of questions ; it is the problem of human destiny ; it is — to refer things to their most general expression — the very foundation of the dispute between the optimist and the pessimist, between the believer and the skeptic. The believer, in the last analysis, is the man who believes that the world has a meaning, and human life an ideal. Such is precisely the signification of the discussions about progress.

Moreover, it is with this debate as with so many others : the difficulties with which it is surrounded proceed from the fact that people stand fast in generalities, applying to the totality of a very complex notion considerations that belong to some one or other only of the elements that compose it. It thus happens that everybody ends with being right and wrong.

It is said that one must divide in order to reign. It is still more necessary to distinguish in order to comprehend. Let us try, then, to pass from the word to its different acceptations ; from the principle to its applications.

What do we understand by progress? A continual improvement, incessant passage from the good to the better, an endless increase of the sum of happiness on earth. Progress implies three things: it supposes that every result, when obtained, immediately becomes the point of departure of a new conquest ; it supposes, consequently, that this movement ever increases, multiplying itself by itself, forming a more than geometrical progression ; it supposes, finally, that the object unceasingly recedes, that horizons grow wider as we advance, that humanity is destined always to move on without ever arriving.

As usually happens, this idea of progress has been borrowed from an order of facts in which it finds its realization, then has been extended to other spheres of human life in which it is no longer of so evident application.

There is progress, in the strictest sense of the word, in the positive sciences and the useful arts. Astronomy and physics have never lost one inch of earth that they have conquered, and they continue to profit by discoveries already made so as to make new ones every day. Progress is still more visible in mechanical inventions. A force once found is found forever. An apparatus once adapted to this force, the mechanism of it may be made more perfect, but we shall never lose the memory or use of it. The watch, the steamboat, the electro-telegraph, are so many acquired facts ; and it is not rash to believe, that, in a hundred years, new inventions will have surpassed those that to-day excite our astonishment. Not only, then, can society not retrograde towards a lower industrial condition than that which it now enjoys ; but, on the contrary, man's material life will certainly continue to grow easier. While the rich man of our day possesses a thousand blessings that the monarch of former times was ignorant of, the level of the general well-being has been prodigiously elevated. Here, then, is a domain in which progress is real, indisputable. Now, upon what does this progress depend? Upon this circumstance : that the knowledge of which it is composed—the mathematical sciences, the sciences of observation, and the useful arts—are essentially impersonal. They depend as little as possible upon the natural genius of the person who masters them. They are a matter of teaching and memory. They are handed down without injury. The simple pupil may know here as much as the inventor.

The deposit passes from hand to hand. Some add to it; no one takes from it. Whence it happens that this deposit keeps increasing; that facts, when once gained, are constantly capitalized; that each becomes, as it were, the possessor and representative of discoveries made before him, and may employ all his intelligence and activity in making additions to them. The point of departure never recedes. On the contrary, every individual effort carries it farther forward, and thus, in its turn, contributes to further improvements. Incessant capitalization of acquired results — such is the cause and law of progress.

This means that there will be progress only so far as this law shall be in force. Progress is absolute in the sphere of positive knowledge, because the law in question reigns there absolutely: progress will be only relative wherever man can appropriate only imperfectly the labors of his predecessors.

Thus the march of progress is not so regular in the historical sciences as in the exact sciences, or even in the sciences of observation, because in them the part of individual aptitude and taste is greater. Here, undoubtedly, in the care devoted to researches, in the operations of criticism, even in the mode of presenting facts, there is an improvement of method that imposes itself with increasing authority upon those who undertake to recount the past. We demand of the historian to-day infinitely more science, sagacity, and art, than was demanded formerly. Augustin Thierry has made Vellys and Villarets impossible; Hume, coming after Macaulay, would do differently from what he did; the example of M. Renan will influence, whether they will or not, those who shall speak after him of the life of Jesus. And yet it is clear that progress here is not connected with progress with the same regularity and certainty as in mechanics or comparative anatomy. In these studies there is more room for the difference of minds. Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, have discovered the system of the universe for the world. No one has so discovered the mode of studying and presenting facts that we have nothing to do but follow him. The task, in one sense, is always to be renewed.

Progress is still less perceptible in letters and the fine arts. This is so true, that people are still discussing the superiority of the ancients or the moderns. I add, that, if they never come to an understanding upon the subject, it is because they have never made an indispensable distinction. There are two things in the arts, — what is learned, and what cannot be learned; that which falls within the common domain, and that which belongs to the native dispositions

of the individual: in one word, processes and genius. And, by processes, I do not mean merely the purely material part of art. It is clear that the rawest specimen of our tyros in painting has the advantage over Apelles in a better-prepared palette, just as the poorest of our sculptors has finer instruments for cutting marble than Phidias. But there are, further, the rubrics of the profession, — the education of the eye, the skill of the hand, the science of effects, the *chic*; all things which, to a certain extent, are taught and generalized. Even the level of taste has not failed to be elevated. Genius remains rare, talent runs about the streets. Why is this? Because talent is less individual than genius. Genius is the mysterious gift of creative power: it is manifested as well with poverty of means, imperfection of processes, rudeness of taste, as in the midst of the resources of the most advanced civilization. Genius is the sovereign part of individuality in the work. It is not transmitted. It is not capitalized. A poet is not necessarily greater because he has been preceded by other poets. Talent, on the contrary, is composed of aptitudes that are developed at sight of *chefs d'œuvre*, and by practice. It is not taught; and yet it depends, in many respects, upon the general culture of society.

Genius and talent differ so much that the first seems to diminish in proportion as the second increases. While taste for the arts, and the practice of them, spread abroad, art, in the loftiest sense of the word, declines. We must not be surprised at this. It is natural for invention to become more difficult at an epoch when all avenues are approached, when all attempts are made. Originality then demands a more vigorous effort. This is not all. *Naïveté* is perhaps an indispensable condition of genius. The greatest artists are those who have had the least consciousness of their superiority; those, at least, who have reflected the least upon their art. Analysis is deadly to inspiration: it takes his serenity from the poet, his candor, his faith. Now an epoch of very advanced civilization is necessarily an epoch of science; when men have made many comparisons and judgments; when they have given a great deal of discussion to all sorts of subjects. They have models; and, despite themselves, they imitate them. They have heard theories propounded; and, despite themselves, they pay attention to them. Virgil knows his Homer too well; Tasso, his Virgil. Goethe is a great genius; but he has more knowledge than even his genius can bear. When one reasons so well about Hamlet, he runs a great risk of not being a Shakespeare.

Let us pass from the arts to politics. Here, again, progress is far

from being produced with the same evidential force and the same sequence as in the useful arts. Do not many minds even dispute progress in institutions? Are not those who admit it forced also to admit many defects, many failures even, in society? The reason is, that we have before us a complex phenomenon. The political life of a people rests upon ideas, like those of justice, equality, liberty. These ideas, when once they have entered the general consciousness, do not leave it. On the contrary, they are ever extending their course; they seize upon minds with ever fresher energy: they reach all classes, and end with being irresistible. These ideas thus become the principle of a movement, the cause of a progress; and, if man and society lived only on ideas, nothing would prevent states from developing indefinitely in the sense most conformed to right and reason. Unfortunately, if men have understandings, they also have needs and passions. Ideas are a force, undoubtedly; but morals are another, and it is impossible to leave them out of account. Liberty is established on solid foundations among a people only when it is supported upon respect for all rights, toleration for all opinions, accommodations for all interests. Now, this is a matter of character and conduct, and consequently there is progress here only so far as morality itself is capable of improvement.

This brings us to moral progress, and that means to the truly difficult and delicate part of the subject we have approached. It is here especially that facts seem to contradict each other, and consequently that it becomes necessary to fix their drift and signification. From two sides, equally plausible assertions, equally eloquent declamations.

Some take our statistics, our police reports, the records of our courts. They enumerate the public scandals, and the disgraceful things that are only whispered in one's ear. They invoke the testimony of the best-situated observers, the commissioner of the district, the confessor, the notary, the physician. They pass in turn from the vices of the rich to those of the poor, from disorders of the town to those of the country. They show us everywhere avarice, baseness, luxury. They ask whether this is the progress we make so much noise about; whether the modern world is indeed superior to that men formerly saw sink under its own corruption; whether men are not eternally the same.

The partisans of progress, though they do not declare all these assertions false, nevertheless do not consider themselves beaten. They also have facts to invoke. Christianity has certainly introduced

a new moral ideal into humanity, and this ideal has not failed to act upon morals. We have virtues that the ancient did not know. Humanity, veracity, modesty, did not exist formerly, or did not have the same meaning. The notion of duty was less profound, less absolute. We have learned respect for man and human life. We have abolished slavery and torture. We have freed women, elevated the poor. We have asylums for all evil. Characters, perhaps, are less strong; heroes rarer: but here, as in everything else, the general level has been raised, and the mean of morality is superior to-day to what it was, not only in the pagan world, but in the middle age, in the last century.

How reconcile such opposite assertions? By a simple distinction. There are two elements in what we call morality, — one susceptible of improvement; another that escapes progress, and eternally brings us back to the point of departure.

The progressive part of morality is moral ideas. Just as each learns at his own expense many principles and truths that no teaching could reveal to him, so humanity, in the course of ages, acquires a fund of practical wisdom. The results of collective experience are fixed; and, by becoming fixed, accumulate. They are transmitted by institutions, education, literature, opinion: they form what we call public morals. There is room in them for real and continued progress.

On the other hand, every man who comes into the world brings into it the same nature that his ancestors brought, the same needs, the same appetites, the same passions. Humanity may live and learn: it is not modified in its essence. Education and circumstances will act upon it, but without renewing it in a final manner. Much will continue to escape the empire of established principles. There will always be the weak, the vicious, knaves, and villains. In this sense, then, there will be no progress. The task is ever to be begun anew, and it would be vain to expect a perfection that the nature of things itself excludes.

This would be a trifling matter if moral progress were not compromised in still another way. We have seen that art demands a certain *naïveté*, incompatible with the reflective habits of modern thought. It is unfortunately the same with morality. Criticism, whose right it is to question everything, has not even paused before the principle of the good. There, also, men have come to ask, How? why? *Cui bono?* Now the ideal vanishes as soon as you analyze it. It is a sentiment that has already disappeared when you commence to discuss its legitimacy or worth. The critical attitude of the mind is hard

to reconcile with that life — all instinct, intuition, spontaneous obedience — that we call the moral life. Take, for example, the sentiment of honor ; honor, which is, in truth, only another name for virtue and character. Honor is the soul of civilized life. It is to this that we silently appeal in everything, and in the last resort. It makes the valor of the soldier, the credit of the merchant, the mutual respect and confidence without which there is no security. When that fails, there is nothing. We tremble to think what humanity would be if we were to sever wholly from it respect for self, the concern of each for his personal dignity. And yet let us not ignore it : nothing is more subtle than honor and similar sentiments. They subsist only on condition of not reasoning about them. A society that strives too curiously to render account of itself is a society already tainted in the sources of life, and that only trials can save by bringing it back to *naïveté* of impressions and simplicity of character.

Progress, in the absolute desire of the word, in the exact sciences and in industry ; purely relative progress in letters and the fine arts ; progress fatally limited by human imperfection in social institutions and morality, — this is what the examination of this great question of progress gives, when, ceasing to move in the midst of general ideas and abstract terms, we try to bring more closely together the nature of things and the conditions of improvement.

EDITORIAL.

THE SECOND DAY OF DECEMBER, 1859.

NINE years ago on the second day of December, the State of Virginia hung an aged man whom she had convicted of the crime of treason. On the way to the gallows, the undertaker said to him, 'You are more cheerful than I am.' — 'Yes,' the man replied: 'I ought to be.' He had just remarked upon the beautiful country through which they were passing. Further along he expressed his regret that no citizens were allowed to be present. He appeared to be the most cheerful and contented of men that day. Why not? He had finished his work. His fate would call his countrymen to a sense of their degradation. His example would inspire them anew with the sentiment of humanity. Why should he not contemplate his death with satisfaction? The commanding general went to his cell to announce the time for his execution. He found him quietly perfecting some details of his will. Looking up, he asked, 'What is to be the hour, general?' — 'Eleven o'clock,' was the reply. 'Well, I will try to finish in time,' he said, and resumed his writing. One of his biographers reports, 'He was the first to ascend the scaffold-steps: he advanced with a quick, elastic tread, threw off his felt hat gracefully, and ran his hand through his gray hair. He cast a glance about him, principally in the direction of the people in the distance. He then turned to his jailer, and said, "Sir, I have no words to thank you for your kindness." The jailer had never kept a prisoner like him before. He held him in profoundest reverence. While he stood upon the trap, with the cord about his neck, and the white cowl drawn over his head, 'the soldiers marched, countermarched, and took position as if in the presence of a dangerous enemy.' This military display occupied so much time, the jailer asked if he

was not tired. 'No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary.' At length the sheriff inquired if he would hold a handkerchief, and drop it when ready. Again he replied, and these were his last words: 'No, I do not want it; but don't detain me any longer than is absolutely necessary.' Half an hour later, the physicians came on the scaffold, and pronounced him dead.

He had refused to be attended by any clergyman. None could be found in the neighborhood who did not apologize for or defend slavery.

His wife was staying at a hotel in a neighboring town. She bore herself with fortitude. Not until the fatal hour had passed, did she give way to her feelings. The example of her husband nerved her to

'Suffer, and be strong.'

She recovered herself, and prepared for the long journey home with his body. She was accompanied by a number of friends.

The following day they arrived at Philadelphia. A multitude of people thronged to the depot. Very soon the mayor appeared with two hundred policemen, entered the baggage-car, and gave orders that the body must be forwarded on its way in precisely twenty minutes. What occasion there was for this summary movement did not appear. The people were quiet, and for the most part were evidently in sympathy with the mourners. It was suggested that he was seized with a panic to maintain the dignity of the law, the authority of the state, violated in the person of the deceased. He could not afford the people, who were disposed, an opportunity of betraying their sympathy with 'treason.' The day before, they had assembled at the hour of execution in a hall, and held appropriate ceremonies expressive of their sense of horror at the tragedy being enacted.

In New-York City, beyond the quiet expression of sympathy of a few personal friends, there were no public demonstrations. But, as the *cortege* moved with the body into the interior country, the feeling was spontaneous and widespread. The landlord of the American House, at Troy, showed with pride the

clear-cut autograph of the man on his register: no price had tempted him to part with it. There, and at other points, the people gathered, but were persuaded from forming processions. Along the route through Vermont, and as the party neared their destination, grief and pride mingled, and many old friends did honor to the memory of their brave neighbor, Capt. John Brown.

It was after night had set in, the party descended the mountain pass, and entered North Elba. Friends had been waiting all the afternoon in anxious expectation of their arrival, and now came out with lights to conduct them through the town. Not a word was spoken. Mr. Thomas Drew thus reports the scene as they reached home: 'Mrs. Brown alighted from the carriage with difficulty, being much agitated. Instantly there was a sharp, low cry of "Mother!" and, in answer, another in the same tone of mingled agony and tenderness, "O Annie!" and the mother and daughter were locked in a long, convulsed embrace.' And the scene was repeated, as Sarah and Ellen, and Oliver's widow, and Watson's, came forward to meet her. The body of the captain was buried on the following day in the shadow of the great rock near the house, as he had requested. The address was made by Wendell Phillips. Standing by the open grave, he said, —

'He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate the least. Men walked Boston Common when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, 'Foolish man! Thrown away his life! Why did n't he measure his means better?' We see him standing colossal that day on that blood-stained soil, and severing the tie that bound Boston to Great Britain. That night, George III. ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months, a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system: it only breathes, — it does not live hereafter.'

What a spectacle for all generations! The orator and prophet of thirty years bending over the form of the great captain brought home from his combat, victorious in death! How completely have his words been fulfilled!

The present is a fitting time to recall those closing scenes of 1859, and ask, What of Capt. Brown's treason?

How events have followed and justified his deed!

In less than two years after the execution of Brown, the people of the State of Virginia were in arms against the national government, and had themselves been branded as rebels. Here is treason under two aspects. Brown at Harper's Ferry, Virginia marching on the capital of the nation. Some profess to see no difference, and regard both as equally odious. Others are not so blind. Treason, considered merely as the act of levying war against established governments to throw off their yoke, and disclaim further allegiance, has come to be looked upon in most instances with approval. It is not in itself odious; for many times has success vindicated it, and made it appear otherwise. When Patrick Henry exclaimed in the Virginia House of Deputies, 'If that be treason, make the most of it,' he uttered that defiance of established law and government which modern times justify. It is because we are passing out from the semblance of things to a discernment of realities. I know of one man who still believes that the sun goes round the earth. But mankind generally have lost the old illusion, and concede, that, to get its day and night, the earth itself must shift and turn for the blaze of the steady sun. So we are learning that government, because it has after some fashion got established, is not for that reason the standard of an absolute right. It can pronounce no real verdict of treason against any man except it be moral as well as political. It must respect the moral laws. Governments are not suns, but earths; they are not stationary orbs, but revolving planets; they are not absolute and arbitrary, but subject and dependent. The earlier theories conceded authority to government on the mere ground of its possessing power to enforce its will. The progress which mankind are now making, in unfolding the scientific method of the moral universe, is correcting this mistake. The phrase 'higher law' has become notorious in all parts of the world. A legitimate government is now best defined as one that subordinates itself to right reason, and spends its whole force in protecting men in their lives and property

against whatever violation of that. I remember reading, in 1850, a debate, in which Webster and Seward took part, which seems to cover the entire ground. Mr. Webster was declaiming with majestic rhetoric against the prohibition of slavery in the territories of New Mexico. 'Nature,' he said, had prohibited slavery there, 'in the very formation of the country;' and then in a tone of triumph he asked, 'Shall we re-enact the laws of God?' Mr. Seward quietly replied, 'God forbid that we should enact any other than the laws of God.'

It has come to pass that the moral sense of mankind holds governments, however established, as it holds individuals, amenable to the laws of equity. Hence we have a new definition of treason. The rebel is not always the traitor. It may be the treason of government which he has undertaken to oppose. If that appear in the final count when the world makes up its verdict, whatever may have been the measure of his failure or of his success, we see the majesty of the moral law is vindicated, the charge of *treason* is laid at the right door. If John Brown's act was treasonable, his treason and that of the State of Virginia were as dissimilar in character as light and darkness. His was the presence of the moral light which ignored or sought to banish political darkness. It was at the most merely political. And the glory or shame of that kind of treason, as we know full well, is in precisely that ratio in which it is successfully maintained. No finer specimen of a political traitor is known in history than George Washington. But, when he held the sword of Cornwallis, from that day he became 'His Excellency,' the 'pure patriot,' and the 'father of his country,' so acknowledged by the government against which he fought. His political treason was his badge of loyalty. He was a rebel against King George, but not against the moral law. The king was the rebel. He cast his sword into the scale against justice. There is no treason but that.

So the world draws the lines between Capt. Brown and the State of Virginia. It does not allow that there is no distinction in the two acts of resistance to an established government. It goes behind the form of government, and questions its credentials, judges the obligation of the citizen; and,

if it finds that his was a loyalty higher than any human law not founded in justice could inspire or command, it honors disobedience.

I do not say that the world is prepared at the moment to render this verdict. It is the verdict of history. Probably, at the time of Brown's execution, not ten men in a thousand were able to satisfy even themselves how it was that he was not 'justly hanged,' nor show how Mr. Seward, in saying that he was, had betrayed his own doctrine. But the instinct, the truly loyal feeling, of mankind steadily refuses any verdict of guilt. What else means this hallelujah chorus now sung in every quarter of the globe; this outburst of every noble mind; this tribute from all the heroes of every land,—men of letters, men of war, and men of peace,—everywhere waking to notes of good will the expression of just and generous sentiments? How else shall we interpret the quick sense of our own first loyal soldiers who caught up the refrain,—

'His soul goes marching on,'—

To sing it down the streets of New York, a loyal defiance to the guns of Sumter? Through the streets of Baltimore they sang the same, as they wet the pavements with their blood. Into the defenceless capital they marched, re-echoing still the same song of cheer. And, on every battle-field that followed, no other strain so stirred and nerved the defenders of liberty.

He was a competent man to speak for himself, as all who met him during the excitement of his arrest and trial bore witness. Gov. Wise could hardly keep from embracing him, such was the magnetic power of this new hero. He declares 'They are mistaken who take him to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected, and indomitable; and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth.' And Col. Washington, who was Brown's prisoner in the arsenal, testifies, 'He was the coolest and firmest man I ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the

pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and sell their lives as dearly as they could.' Add the testimony of his two sons, who speak with the eloquence of martyrdom for the honor and fame of their father. They believed in the old man, in his wisdom, his integrity, in the ideas that inspired his life. They were themselves chips of the old block — of his soul, as well as of his flesh and blood. Add the testimony of all the nineteen whom the frightened Virginians counted as three hundred; of Coppie, the two Thompsons, of Hazlit, Green, Copeland; and the others, who were 'under such drill,' as the papers had it, that 'the word of the cool old man with a long white beard was law to them.' When you think of it, it is no small justification of his plan, that nineteen men, against whom little or nothing could be reproachfully said, but who were men of sense and good moral characters, should sanction it, not only with words of approval, but with *bona-fide* deeds, selling their lives as dearly as they could. No small justification of the plan, and of the man, I say, that friend and foe, sons and neighbors, should bear so much concurrent testimony.

But he speaks best for himself in the simple story that has been preserved of his bearing from the moment when he was overpowered and taken up to the hour of his death. Those who have called him insane know not what sanity itself is. His way of repelling the plea of insanity his friends had sent into court was charming, and put him on his feet in the eyes of all who were present as the most sane person who had aught to say. He views the plea 'with contempt more than otherwise;' and says, 'Insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity; and, if I am insane, of course I should think I knew more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so.'

Perhaps no parties were ever more thoroughly disappointed in their hopes, than those who sought conversations with Brown for the purpose of gathering political capital. They knew not what to make of the man; how to explain his cool, clear, unswerving, undiscouraged purpose. They expected to

find him weak, disheartened, confused, abashed, and ready to confess his failure, and charge it back upon the ill support or bad faith of some aiders and abettors behind the scene. Not so. The man understood himself, and gave them, in his replies, much to think of.

Scarcely had the news of his capture been flashed over the land, when Senator Mason of Virginia, and Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, horrified at the treasonable offense, rushed into his presence, and began to question him, hoping, it appears, to find a score of traitors behind him in the North. The whole scene is highly interesting, and, in the glare of more recent events, very instructive. They found Brown lying on the straw, with his wounds yet bleeding.

Mr. Mason said, 'If you would tell us who sent you here, who provided the means, that would be information of some value.'

Brown replied, 'I will answer faithfully about myself, but nothing about others.'

Vallandigham repeated the question, 'Who sent you here, Mr. Brown?'

Brown replied, 'No man sent me here: it was my own prompting, and that of my Maker, or that of the Devil, whichever you please to ascribe it to. I acknowledge no *man* in human form.'

Mr. Mason interposed, 'How do you justify your acts?'

Brown answered, 'I think, my friend, that you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity, — I say it without wishing to be offensive, — and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.'

Mr. Mason, — 'I understand that.'

Brown continued: 'I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any and at all times. I hold that the golden rule, "*Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,*" applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.'

A young man in uniform interrupts him by asking, 'What in the world did you think you could do here in the State of Virginia with nineteen men? You could not do anything.'

'Your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially,' said Brown.

To a bystander he said, 'I pity the poor in bondage, that have none to help them : that is why I am here ; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit.'

To a reporter of the 'Herald' he said, 'I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better — all you people at the South — prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for. The sooner you are prepared, the better. You may dispose of me very easily ; I am nearly disposed of now : but this question is still to be settled, — this negro question, I mean ; the end of that is not yet.'

The following running conversation with an officer arrests attention :—

OFFICER. Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them ?

BROWN. Set them free.

OFFICER. Your intention was to convey them off, and free them ?

BROWN. Not at all.

OFFICER. To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community.

BROWN. I do not think so.

OFFICER. I know it. I think you are fanatical.

BROWN. And I think you are fanatical. 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad' ; and you are mad.

OFFICER. Was it your only object to free the negroes ?

BROWN. Absolutely our only object.

OFFICER. But you demanded and took Col. Washington's watch.

BROWN. Yes. We intended freely to appropriate the property of slaveholders to carry out our object. It was for that, and only that, and with no design to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.

On the night Capt. Brown took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, he was heard to say several times, 'If you knew and understood my actions, you would not blame me so much.'

Every one is impressed with the sturdy integrity which sus-

tained this man in the presence of disaster overwhelming to ordinary courage. Never for a moment did he lose faith in the work he had done and was doing. He still kept his commanding idea of freeing the slaves in view. Whatever might happen to him, nothing could hinder emancipation. Defeated in a small scheme, he, with shackles about his feet, felt himself, by God's grace, the captain of a vaster one, making his jailer, and all who approached him, wonder that he was so cheerful. He turned his imprisonment into a crusade. His cell became the chapel of the Most High, and himself the high priest of his century. To a Quaker lady, who had written him in a letter of great sympathy, though she 'could not approve of bloodshed,' 'If the American people honor Washington for resisting with bloodshed for seven years an unjust tax, how much more ought thee to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves,' he replied, —

'You know that Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case, I think he put a sword into my hand, and there continued it so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me.' . . . 'I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, the intelligent, the great, as men count greatness, — of those who form enactments to suit themselves, and corrupt others, or some of their friends, — that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed, and fell, it would have been doing very well.'

In other similar letters he writes as follows : —

'As I believe most firmly God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And, before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly pay. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not as yet, in the main, at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed as regards myself in not keeping up to my own plans: but I now feel entirely reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overturned the house. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very different from my better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes.'

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'Christ, the great captain of *liberty*, as well as of salvation, and who began his mission by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time : but he has put another in my hand, — the sword of the spirit ; and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever he may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers.'

Allow me to say here, notwithstanding "my soul is among lions," still I believe that God in very deed is with me. You will not therefore feel surprised when I tell you that I am "joyful in all my tribulations ;" that I do not feel condemned of Him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or my prospect of the gallows. I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to "suffer affliction with God's people," but have also had a great many rare opportunities for "preaching righteousness in the great congregation."

'I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, *clergymen* among others.'

'I have many opportunities for *faithful plain-dealing* with the more powerful, influential class in this region, which I trust are not entirely misimproved. I *humbly trust* that I firmly believe that God reigns, and I think I can truly say, "Let the earth rejoice."

In a letter to his brother, he sends the following message :—

'Say to my poor boys never to grieve for one moment on my account ; and, should many of you live to see the time when you will not blush to own your relation to old John Brown, it will not be more strange than many things that have happened. I feel a thousand times more on account of my sorrowing friends than on my own account. So far as *I am concerned*, "I count it all joy."

Perhaps his last interview with his wife was the most trying to him. It is a scene one is afraid to describe. Captain Avis, the jailer, reported that when he led Mrs. Brown into the cell, her husband rose, and received her in his arms. No word was spoken, but their silence was more eloquent than speech. They stood thus for some minutes, Mrs. Brown resting her head upon her husband's breast, and clasping his neck with her arms. At length they sat down.

'John Brown spoke first. "Wife, I am glad to see you," he said.

"My dear husband, it is a hard fate."

"Well, well, cheer up. We must all bear it in the best manner we can. I believe it is all for the best."

"Our poor children!—God help them!"

"Those that are dead to this world are angels in another. How are all those still living? Tell them their father died without a single regret for the course he has pursued; that he is satisfied he is right in the eyes of God and of all just men."

This much I think is to be gathered from all the facts that have been brought to light: Capt. Brown believed in America as she *ought* to be, and did not hesitate to undertake on his own responsibility the 'vast, big job' of reconstructing her upon that basis. He accepted the Declaration of Independence fully. To his mind it meant what it said, and no iota less. He wrote his own constitution, making the Golden Rule the cornerstone. I notice that no man ever openly objected to that as a fundamental law, even in Virginia. Virginians differed with Brown in applying its meaning; accepting the decisions of Chief-Justice Taney. He put his own construction upon it, and tested his sincerity by putting himself in the slave's place. He was loyal to humanity. His was the enthusiasm of humanity. He did not stop to count the cost to himself, nor ever showed the least of prudence in that direction. He did not believe in moral suasion for the work of abolishing American slavery, any more than the people of the North did for preserving the Union two years later. He believed, as another has said, 'in putting the thing through.' Yet how often cool calculators have moralized upon his action, and pronounced it barbarous as well as impracticable!—the difference between them and him being, he would risk his life to rescue others, they theirs only to save themselves.

What grave sincerity, what unalloyed virtue, what magnanimous wisdom, shines through the child-like, simple eloquence of his speech at his trial! The whole scene of passing sentence,—the courteous manner of the judge, the respectful silence of the crowded assembly, the composure of the old man as he lay stretched upon his pallet, the single person in the hall

not visibly agitated,—was calculated to produce a lasting effect even upon those who had been clamoring for his execution. This decorum was broken only by 'the clapping of the hands of one man,' who was immediately removed by order of the judge. His conduct was severely censured by all, and they were afterwards eager to explain that he was not a resident of their county. Being asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, Brown rose, and said:—

'I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter; as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite the slaves to rebellion or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved,—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case,—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of his despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my chil-

dren, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also, in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me, I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now I am done.'

We talk of government and of treason. Such loyalty as this judges the government, and pronounces its notion of treason a 'whim.'

The weight I concede to the character of the man, as justifying his motive, is ample justification also of his method. Yet I am not going to enter into the details of that method. It was the only method open to him. The point was for him to strike a blow, to do duty's service. The simplicity of the scheme is his best apology. It was of such a character that its moral force would right any disaster of the moment. Moral suasion was thus liberated, to complete victory or disarm defeat. It was not John Brown's rifles, nor the sword of Washington, he carried all day Monday guarding the arsenal, that was to count; but John Brown himself,—the irresistible, omnipotent man; his victorious spirit. That Brown did not understand this himself at first, but proves the genuineness of the man. He was more than his deed, which served as his introduction. Slavery was apprised of her eternal enemy. 'John Brown,' said Gov. Wise, 'never asked to be pardoned; and I doubt whether he would ask it if he knew the asking would obtain it. When some one was urging, that Brown, like other Northern

Abolitionists, was insane, he replied, 'Men of that kind of insanity ought to be hanged.' A Virginia gentleman, standing near, remarked, 'If the North could get his body, Massachusetts would take the head, and other Northern States other parts, and each would erect over its portion a monument higher than that at Bunker Hill.'

This was the secret of the terror which Brown's invasion wrought. They knew that he represented the North. Slavery was arrested in her march by the presence on her soil of a man who brought with him Northern sentiments crystallized into fact. Brown was a very 'stubborn fact,' coming upon them 'as a thief in the night,' bringing with him the judgment-day, stealing away their darkness. To hang him was worse than a farce: it was to seal their doom. The wise ones half suspected this: yet there was no alternative; the forms of power and dignity must be respected, or nothing remained but their immediate surrender. The South was not prepared to concede so much without a struggle. By utmost desperation she kept up the show of power six years. Yet rebellion was as much of a shell then as when Grant proved it so. The war shattered its defenses, exhausted its energies, and cleared the ground for the peace of a new civilization.

The raid of Brown signaled that the hour was ripe for this event. He was the new witness of the old spirit which has led the world from the beginning, shining out amid the darkness of ordinary and depraved times. He embodied its energy. He stood for its conquering reign. We saw the old illusion, the soul's triumph in the midst of defeat. 'No other business has the soul than to say effectively, 'I AM: ' achieving this, though in a dungeon, at the stake, on the cross, it is victorious.' The second day of December, 1859, closed one epoch, and opened the next. It must forever remain a memorable day in this country's history.

Looking at events to-day, the country seems yet groping in the path which Brown pointed out. Following him up the mount, still it moves with reluctance, wavering at times to sound a retreat. But retreat is impossible. To perform a nation's whole duty, framing the laws to equally protect all people as citizens,

is the achievement that is before us. The doctrine of state rights still intervenes to shield the oppressor. But no principle is more fraught with the peace and prosperity of the republic, than this of guarding its citizens against state usurpations. Uniform rules of suffrage for the whole country; a central government to respect, and cause them to be respected, — this is what is already forshadowed in the agitation and drift of the hour. To plant the future in the securities of intelligence, and good will to all men, is the farther duty into the performance of which we shall be driven. So much is included in the motto of the newly elected President: 'Let us have peace.' It is the hour of reconstruction. We shall reconstruct until our methods are in harmony with our aim. We shall answer this prayer of peace by new achievements, surmounting difficulties from necessity, and gain the goal of a consistent and free republic.

S. H. M.

PRAYER OF PEACE.

O HEAVEN, that kindly hold'st thy peace afar,
 Deign not to tender lesser terms to our
 Poor race than they are given who build thy courts
 Above. Grant us that we redeem our earth
 By thrifty ways of being just; by faith
 In Man. Thy peace we pray: yet vain are our
 Most happy words! All vain our faithless works!
 Ne'er may we win the things we seek and wait —
 Our liberty and happiness, — forsake
 We not our ancient sin against the weak.
 Thrice we in costly blood thy principles
 Have writ, and pledged our hearts in troth thereto.
 Oh, never us release, till we have done
 Their largest hest. Ah! then 'LET US HAVE PEACE.'

NOTES.

THE following communications speak for themselves.

THE UNITARIAN NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The members of the Unitarian National Conference, summoned to hold their first meeting on the morning of Wednesday, Oct. 7, found their business anticipated by a few hours in the preliminary address, delivered under the guise of a sermon, by Dr. Bellows, in the Church of the Messiah, on Tuesday evening. To some of the hearers at least, the surprise was an unpleasant one. Religious hunger is not unknown even to misbelieving Radicals. Men who have seldom an opportunity to listen to a word of good cheer, when called to meet their brethren in conferences, commonly assemble with a desire, that, in preparatory religious exercises, their souls may find the refreshment it is their constant endeavor to give to others. Such men can hardly have enjoyed — save in the odd sense in which people are said to “enjoy bad health” — a discourse which was void alike of light and warmth. Tuesday’s “sermon,” frankly criticised, was simply an ecclesiastical speech, the hasty preparation of which was shown in the looseness of its grammatical structure, and in its excessive length. So long an argument on the questions appointed for the consideration of the Conference was unfair to men to whom etiquette forbade an expression of dissent, and whose modesty forbade them to imagine “that their services to the denomination would,” at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, “entitle them to be heard at *any length*.” Let no one, however, grumble overmuch. Although the “sermon” did disappoint the desires of those who had expected for one hour in the week to be helped to some heavenly light, and also of those who had indulged the credulous hope that the preacher’s wanderings on three continents would have given him some word of more than wonted breadth, the lecture did service to the cause of liberalism. The eyes of many were opened. For the first time they saw whither the doctor’s ecclesiastical party would lead them. Nothing seems to me more unwise, than the opposition offered, on Friday, to the publication of the address. As a finger pointing out the way in which the denomination should *not* walk, and in which, where the true character of the goal to be reached is seen, it certainly will not choose to walk, Tuesday’s speech is of a value far beyond the cost of the paper and type its printing will consume. Let me, before leaving the discourse, confess gratefully one

obligation to it. When I was a boy, I heard frequent mention of bandits in the stories told for my amusement, but never was I permitted to see anything more romantic than a common pickpocket. Perhaps some were offended when the doctor termed them "intellectual bandits." The phrase was not complimentary; but the doctor, having been to Italy, must know better than I what a bandit is like. I, therefore, accepted his dictum, and was amused, rather than offended, to see an "intellectual bandit" mirrored in the glass when I reached my room.

The only business the space at my disposal will allow me to notice, is the action taken on the vexed question of the Preamble. Notwithstanding the intimation given by the Boston "Christian Register," that short work would be made of any proposal to change that sacred institution, many were ready for the adventure. On Wednesday, an informal meeting of such members as could be hurriedly got together was held. There was an evident desire to do justice to those who believed that the preliminary resolution of the first Conference applied merely to executive work, and who further believed that the Syracuse Conference, by its failure to adopt the resolution prepared by Mr. Abbott at its close, made the Preamble binding on all its members. There was equally evident the wish on the part of the Radicals to secure freedom for themselves, without committing the whole denomination to any Radical declaration. Mr. Blake and other gentlemen withdrew the amendments of which they had given notice in favor of a new article of the Constitution to be prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose. This article read as follows:—

"ART. IX. — To secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby declared that all expressions in this Preamble and Constitution are expressions only of the majority of the Conference, committing in no degree those who object to them, and depending wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the Churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our fellowship; *and that we heartily welcome to that fellowship all who desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God.*"

It was introduced on Thursday morning by Dr. Clarke, and was supported by the Revs. R. Collyer, E. E. Hale, and S. R. Calthrop. The resolution sought to establish two principles,—first, free individual interpretation or non-acceptance of the Preamble; second, free communion with all societies, like those recently formed in Dover and Florence. Dr. Bellows opposed the new article *in toto*. His speech, that of a narrow ecclesiastic, was more than wanting in fact; and when the Rev. R. L. Collier, taking up the doctor's glove, announced his readiness to throw in his lot with those from whom the doctor sought to withdraw, the hearty cheers of the whole assembly made it plain that the first half of the battle was won. Questions of principle must be decided by argument, not by threats of resignation. Dr. Osgood, with real though restricted liberality and admirable tact, opposed only the second part of the proposal. His speech was

a good one, with the exception of an unfortunate sentence about free love, which I treat as an extempore slip. Dr. Osgood is too fair a man to seriously report so foul a libel on mere hearsay. If he is serious, I beg to direct his attention to the fact that in America free love thrives best on Orthodox soil. Its chief developments are rather hyper-orthodox than heterodox. The Preamble leaves an open door for Dr. Noyes and the Oneida Community. When it is needful to bar the door on the Orthodox side, it will be time to bar on the other also, and no sooner. A long debate followed. On the one side were men like the Rev. A. D. Mayo and Dr. Lothrop, whose conception of Christianity is Judaic, and whose Christ is a history, an exclusion, and a finality: on the other were men of all shades of Orthodoxy or Heterodoxy, united in asserting that freedom is better than absolutism; that, although freedom have Christian prefixed, it will not the less welcome the Samaritan, and all desiring to do God's will. The full victory which might have been gained was lost through the idea being mistakenly entertained, by those to whom the amendment had been intrusted, that universal satisfaction would be given by the omission of the part printed in italics. When the vote was taken, it was believed that the omitted clause could be voted on subsequently, the Rev. R. Collyer having undertaken its re-introduction. But for this belief, a return to the original form would probably have been urged more strongly. In writing this, I write history. That all the gentlemen concerned acted in the most perfect good faith no one can for an instant doubt. The amendment thus shortened was carried by 326 to 12.

Unsatisfactory as the result at first seems, fuller consideration increases my appreciation of it. The "Liberal Christian" tells us that "nothing was gained beyond making explicit what was already more than implied." Is that nothing? A very valuable Radical gain I think. Explicitness is the great virtue of Radicalism. It boasts in knowing no strategy, in fighting under true colors, in saying what it means, in not using Orthodox phrases in non-natural senses. The worth of the vote, however, can only be found by considering what would have been the effect of a contrary result. In that case Dr. Bellows's wish would have become explicit law; a "creed for the next ten years" would have been established; and by the passage of a Unitarian Act of Uniformity, as infamous in principle as the English act of 1662, a considerable number of ministers would have been driven from denominational communion. As things now stand, not only all those present at the past Conference, but also Messrs. Weiss, Wasson, Johnson, Potter, and others, can honorably take part in the next. I implore them not lightly to refuse to do so. Were Theodore Parker with us, he would find himself honored and welcomed before those who persecuted him in the name of the Boston Unitarian Christ. Should circumstances require it, the work left undone can be completed in 1870. The omitted clause was not rejected. I have the authority of a conservative member, for the statement that a personal canvass of more than a hundred of the members con-

vinced him that the majority of the Conference sympathized with Mr. Blake and other Radicals, who wished its retention. Whether there will be need for the re-introduction, time only can determine. At present the question is purely theoretical. But some two or three societies, it is said, would be affected by the invitation, and it is very questionable whether any of them would accept it. Mr. Abbott, whom many desire to see in the Conference, is understood not to be willing to come in. If a good case can be made out for further amendment, the late proceedings leave little doubt that the next Conference will listen to it. So long, however, as the object to be gained is merely theoretical, the Free Religious Association will do the work better, than, with its limited time, the Conference can. I would urge on all the readers of my paper, the acceptance of the vote of the Conference in the liberal spirit in which it was given. Let all who have hitherto adopted the fatal and favorite Radical policy of abstention now come actively into the Unitarian organization. In much of the work to be done, we can all gladly take part. Let us accomplish Mr. Hale's promise, — "talk little, and work much." Only by the performance of duties can we establish rights. If we do our share of the common work, we can then demand that *our* denominational organization shall respect neither persons nor doctrines. We can then secure, far more effectually than by outside criticism, the passage of whatever further liberal measures may be desired.

WM. SHARMAN.

RELIGIOUS "STRAWS."

THE latest development of so-called "liberal" religion is the formation in several cities of associations known as "The Union for Christian Work." While their platform is sufficiently catholic to embrace members of all progressive Christian sects, and is quite unsectarian within its prescribed "Christian" limits, it is in the main fostered by more advanced Unitarians, though containing many of Spiritualistic and Radical tendencies who do not care to quarrel about names.

The first association of this character was formed in Providence, R. I., where it has been quite successful in provoking a revival of practical, liberal Christianity. I am informed that at the time of its formation the question was raised whether the word "Christian" should not be stricken from its title, thus inviting *all*, of whatever religion, into its fold, according to the plan of the "Free Religious Association;" but, on discussion, the majority decided to retain the word, showing, as a Radical brother remarked to me, that "they were not quite up to snuff."

The members of the Union are divided into four committees, — on education, hospitality, benevolence, and worship; the objects of which are indicated by their names. On their printed card, I find the committee on

worship named *last*, indicating that the Union gravitates towards practical rather than theoretical religion.

I have before me the programme of services at the dedication of the new rooms of the Union, lately opened in Providence. It contains nothing which could offend the most ardent Radical. I am informed, by one of its "Radical" members, that the president of the Union, who prepared the forms of services, on consultation with him, struck from the prayer of dedication a clause recognizing "the Lordship of Jesus," lest the Radical element should fail to unite heartily in the work.

The rooms of the Union, which are free to all, comprise a library, reading-room, lecture-room, and amusement-room; to which latter place one may go and enjoy a game of backgammon, billiards, dominos, or chess, in the evening. On Sundays the members gather in their respective groups, and discuss a wide range of subjects, of religious and practical nature. Every one is free to say what he thinks, and to think as he will. On invitation, I attended a meeting of one of the groups a few weeks since. The subject for discussion was announced, "What is Radicalism?" It was defined as "going to the *root* of things; and Garrison, Phillips, and Theodore Parker were held up as noteworthy examples of the Radical idea. The conservative element was manifested slightly in the remarks of one gentleman, who thought Radicals were "men of one idea," "impracticable in their notions;" but they seemed very well united in a belief that Radicalism was a good thing, — in fact, the *only* ground, consistent with an honest and earnest purpose, on which they could stand.

The question being presented in another form, — "Is there any idea so radical that the world is not progressing towards it?" — a little diversity was developed on minor points, though a unanimous negative seemed to be given in the main. They evidently believed in progress. Branching off into various developments of the Radical idea, a unanimous vote was obtained against slavery and capital punishment; and the greatest surprise was expressed, that Massachusetts, so much in advance in many things, yet retained that barbarous code on her statute-books. Rhode Island abolished capital punishment years ago, against the organized opposition of the Orthodox Church; but now looks upon it as more barbarous than the thumb-screws of the slaveholder, or the tortures of the inquisition. It was recognized that the Orthodox Church, so long the "bulwark of slavery," is now the chief support of legalized, cold-blooded *murder* in Massachusetts.

The *peace* question provoked division; some maintaining the right of war in defense of principles or persons, while others took the radical peace view.

The present condition of the church organizations in Providence is suggestive. Three Orthodox and two Baptist churches are without pastors, and, to fill up their depleted ranks, two churches are being consolidated into one; while the "Union" holds crowded Sunday services in the Academy of Music, and in the same evenings the Universalists fill the largest hall

in the city to listen to their speakers. Two years ago the leading Orthodox clergyman in the city *refused to attend the funeral* of the (Conservative Unitarian) Rev. Dr. Hall, a man of notably pure life and character, lest he should seem to sanction his belief. Now a young and more progressive man fills Dr. Hall's place, and the Orthodox divine is powerless to sweep back the tide with his worn-out broom.

The Unitarians, at their recent convention in this city (New York), compromised again on their creed, but were pushed forward a step in advance, in spite of the threatened "secession" of Dr. Bellows. All this means that the Radical element has developed far more power than the timid Conservatives dreamed of, and the church hastens to protect itself against threatened dissolution. It is of no use, Messrs. Unitarians, to set up your little railing to keep in the scattering flock.

Having cleared the firm stone-walls of Romanism, and the high board-fence of Orthodoxy, they are not to be stopped by your Virginia rails. They have snuffed the pure air of freedom, and cannot be forced back into folds so poorly ventilated as yours.

All the prominent sects are shaken by internal dissensions. There is a Tyng or a Malcolm in every one. Once having received the divine light at first hand, they will no longer consent to have it doled to them through stained glass, covered with the cobwebs of time.

Freedom is the word for this hour. *Onward* to complete fruition !

L. G. J.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1868.

The following is the address of John Weiss at the Free Religious Association :—

I was severely pitted by an old friend this morning, because I was coming here to take my stand upon "that rickety platform of Radicalism." Now that I am here, it seems to me that I am as safe as I am in any place in God's universe. Underneath the platform of Radicalism on which I stand this morning, I find the whole of past time, I find all the great natures of all the great men who have ever lived, who have ever spoken or sung a word for God or for humanity. There is such a phrase as the "rock of ages," as applied to the infinite wisdom and strength. Underneath the platform of these religious ideas, I feel the rock of ages ; because I find that every age has contributed its stratum and deposit to build it, and that, standing here to-day, I stand upon the most positive place I can find upon the earth, since I stand in the last moment of time, upon the last deposit that God has made in it, mixed, as it is, with the human nature of the present, and all its needs and contingencies, and growing, as it does, out of the human nature of the past, with all its circumstances and its prophecies, as the tree grows from a root, for the express purpose that it may free itself from the ground beneath,

where it is dark, and spread its full mass of foliage into the light and air and rain of the ever present God. And if I undertake to scrape off from that tree its bark and tetter of supernaturalism ; if I venture to say that the grain of the tree is supremely good and sound and sweet, without taking with it every accretion and parasite of the past which has made its home upon the outside of it, — I do so, that in my way, with these my brethren who believe in Radicalism, I may be able to show you what a grain, capable of what a polish, what an exquisite beauty and durability, has been concealed underneath that bark and the thin crust of mythologizing that has gathered around it.

I never felt in such a positive place in all my life as I do now. I never felt a plank beneath my feet that was so thick, so deep. Thousands of years deep is the wood of which this plank is made: hundreds of thousands of years, with their rings of daily pleasure and of daily sweetness, and the presence of the Divine Mind, and the smiles and tears of all the men and women who have ever lived, have gone into the depth of the plank of this platform ; and you are called here this morning, that we may come to meet you, and to look you in the face, and say to you that nowhere else can you find a work so positive, upon material so durable, with thoughts and feelings so far-sighted and so prophesying. For we have beneath us the idea of the Infinite God, father of all men and women, the infinite, ever-present, ever-creating Providence, who works for our behoof, and for the cause of his laws and of his truths by laws. I feel beneath me that vital and irresistible tendency which no denomination, no creed, no man, no sect, can stifle or can put aside ; the mighty desire, that lives in all hearts, to know how it is that God, the infinite Father, brings his truths to pass, and makes every day, and day after day, a perpetual revelation and expression of his presence. Beneath me, I feel your desire, and the desire of all mankind, to understand God's presence upon the earth, in every righteous cause, in every central truth, in every tendency that sweetens and harmonizes, in all social and philanthropic science, in that which drains and irrigates and defecates infected districts, in that which saves men and women from miasma and cholera, that brings pure air, clean quarters, and a great margin of space for comfort to all mankind, however miserable they may seem to us to be to-day. I feel beneath me the irresistible desire of all men's hearts for permanence and continuance of living, either within or without a body, — the old, primeval rock of personal immortality. Is there anything more positive than that? What will you bring me? What will you bring into this hall to-day that will compare with the positiveness of the presence of the infinite God and of his truths in the heart of mankind, and the desire of all men and women for personal continuance of existence for the sake of the infinite truths of God?

Somebody said to me also as I came here, "Your ideas are very fine, and we can detect them scattered all over the world, like gold, which, the most widely distributed of minerals, crops out upon the surface everywhere. Your ideas are beautiful ; they may be what you call central and organizing ideas : but you have left all the heart

out of the concern. You have got a few very superfine speculations about the Divine Mind and human nature ; but you have omitted all the tenderness and pathos, all the sweet smiles and delights of human existence, all the yearning, all the longing, all the filial clutching for the Divine Hand, all the trust in Providence, and all the sweet content which makes one day succeed another, keeps all men and women alive, and prevents them from committing suicide. It has all gone overboard. You have emptied the baby out with the bath."

I should like to know what is meant by the word "heart." It seems to me, when people use the word "heart" in this connection, that they want to have a monopoly of Providence ; that they would like to have a channel of Divine Providence within their house, on tap, where they can turn it on like gas or water. They are not content with trusting to the infinite laws which are inevitable and irrepressible, whatsoever we may say or think about it ; and every one of them is constructed for our supremest good, and with reference to our best advantage, so that, as the Scripture says, not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his care. But it falls, and it cannot help falling. It is hard for the sparrow to drop ; perhaps it twitters a continual dread of falling, or desire that it may be saved from falling. But shall a man twitter too, and try to bribe the Infinite Law with prayers, and to besiege the Infinite Presence with supplications that this thing or that thing may come to pass, that this or that may not occur, or that he may be saved from anything, whether more or less piteous and grievous, while all the time one thing is pleasure and another thing is pain, that is joy and this is grief, all the time there is law, Providence, the Infinite Presence ? The manliest heartfulness that I can conceive of is that of the person who throws himself directly into the bosom of the Infinite Presence, and says to it, "Come what may, let what will happen to my house, to my family, to my children, to my office, to my future, I will not be so mean as to expect from thee comfort merely, to derive from thee immunity, to claim a share in providence. I want to be built by thy providence ; to be organized by that which thou shalt send me. Here I am. Take me ; take the whole of me, — my heart, my soul, my emotions, my intelligence ; take my soul and body into thyself ; and let me be, in deed and in truth, the gentle and filial and trusting subject of thy law." That is what I mean by having a heart towards God.

And we have a heart towards man. Do you tell me that when Radicalism takes its stand upon the platforms of America, by the side of the negro, and insists upon his rights, upon his suffrage, upon his immunities, and upon the opportunities we ourselves so love and enjoy, and so confide and place our future in, — that we have no heart ? Do you tell me that when we take up the cause of woman, and desire to see her educated like ourselves, and standing, if she can, where we stand, and doing, if she can, what we do, — at any rate, *doing what she can* ; when we seek to give her that greatest of all boons that can be given to God's children, *opportunity*, — that we have no heart ? I tell you, my radical friends and listeners, that in America, *heart* is be-

lief in the moral law. Yes, it is belief in justice, it is belief in equality. *Heart?* It is the brotherhood of man! Heart sings the song to which heart responds. Heart first composed the song that all hearts listen to so eagerly. It is heart in this country, — all heart, and nothing else but heart, — that stands up for the oppressed. It is the heart that has subsidized the mind of America, and that goes forth upon the platforms, and deserts the pulpits and churches, and glories in taking the hand of the negro, and of any oppressed man in any country, be he Italian, Cretan, or Irish.

Yes: but another thing is said, another fatal thing: "You appear to have these truths, but they hang in mid-air. They, perhaps, are held by you and a few others with a great deal of tenacity. You have grown up into them, and will never change. You have got a fixed hold on them: but for all the other men and women, your ideas will evaporate, unless they are lifted up to their contemplation in the form of *one person*. Your ideas will all leak out and fall into the ground, and be utterly useless to humanity, unless you can keep them before mankind, as incarnated in the flesh and character of *one person*." One person! Well, I see them in *all* persons. Yes, my friends; and the persons I see them in are alive; they live to-day; they are the men and women whom I know, the men and women whom you know, "the intelligible forms of fair humanities." Intelligible forms, — not the remembered form of one fair and supreme humanity, but all the humanities that all persons are capable of attaining to-day, the human life they throb with to-day, the red blood that flows in living veins. I gratefully remember one divine person whose essential nature I feel underneath my feet, as one of the piers that sustain this platform, side by side with God and immortality. But I like to see all the other persons. I want to put myself into communication with all the other men and women who need now something more than repetition of truths that Christ once spoke, who need a living Redeemer now, a living mediation, a "word made flesh" to-day in all the people, — not anything remembered; not merely anything that can be read, but something that is made every day, — bread made and eaten all day long. In our homes, a portion of that gospel is spoken to us. Every home of New England "brings life and immortality to light." It needs no book: the home itself is life and immortality.

To-morrow, the Grand Army of the Republic, from all its posts, will visit the graves of your soldiers who died for liberty, to put flowers upon the hillocks. All over the length and breadth of this fair land, wherever the Army of the Republic can find a grave, to-morrow flowers shall be spread by the gratitude of a country that was saved by their blood. That is the living, that is the present, proof of immortality. Do not talk to me of people dead centuries ago, who shed their blood a ransom for others! Talk to me of men of my own age, of my own race, of my own country, whom I have seen do it, and whose atonement I enjoy! Bid me carry flowers that are not dead, and pressed between the covers of a Bible, as proofs of immortality! No: rather say I, the flowers that are to be spread to-morrow are confirmations of an immortality that we have seen in action, — amaranths,

every one of them, whose sweet scent and savor speak expressly to living senses now ; and they are the breath of our nostrils.

And that reminds me what the lesson of the war was. I think a great many people have forgotten it. All the creeds went into it ; and, when all the creeds go into anything, people say no creed is essential. That is the first word they speak. They emphasize that more than they emphasize anything else. When all the creeds work together, the first thought that occurs to people is, "No creed is essential for this work but manhood !" Now, our friends, the Orthodox Unitarians, skipping the name of Theodore Parker, have taken very strongly of late to remembering the words that Channing spoke, instead of coining fresh words of their own ; and they always ask concerning a man if he is a candidate for the pulpit, "What does he think of Christ ?" We have grown very suspicious in consequence of this radicalism. We will have nothing to do with a man unless, in answer to the question, "What do you think of Christ ?" he will reply, "I think he was a supernatural being, supernaturally conceived, and intrusted with supernatural powers, for a supernatural purpose, with a supernatural commission." Then they pat him on the back, even if he has few brains in his head, and bid him God-speed ! There was a time when, if no brains were in, the man would die ; but now it appears to me that pulpits are the places where the gentle invalids and veterans of sentiment, nourished emphatically at the public expense, can linger out an "inglorious," but, unfortunately, not a "mute," existence !

I think I see that kind of Lord and Master which goes to the making of a Syracusan preamble, on the glacis of Fort Wagner, waving back the charge of the negro soldiers, and saying to that impetuous youth, our friend and our beloved patriot, dear son of Massachusetts, the disciple and child of the manly breeding of Theodore Parker, Col. Shaw, — I think I hear him saying, "Stop, my fine young man. It will not do for you to exercise any of your real, intrinsic manliness upon this matter until you have answered me one or two vital questions." And then the question comes : "Do you believe that I really did work the miracles that are recorded in the New Testament ?" "Well," says Col. Shaw, "Rabbi, no ; and I think, that, of all the men who ever lived, you are the man that knows best that you never worked them." — "What ! and that my body did not rise out of the grave ? How then can you believe that from this death to which you are going you will have a resurrection, and awake to newness of life ? I beg you will not compromise my cause by dying for liberty. I have a little private business with a few of my liberal friends in New England, who are trying to have no creed at all by having a little bit of a one, and who are in the arena at this moment engaged in that delicate and difficult performance of riding two horses." A delicate affair, we must all acknowledge, a miracle itself, and requiring a supernatural mediator to engineer it. I think that Col. Shaw would have reminded such a Lord and Master that once it was said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." And he might have said, "Are you *liberty* for America to-day ? Then I am doing it for you. Are you *emancipation*, are you *equal rights*,

for the slave to-day in America, — a present living Christ of that description for the negro to-day in America? Then I am doing it for you ; but by no means on account of miracles, nor in consequence of your reputed resurrection. Therefore, stand aside ! Give way to my splendid expostulation ! Here it comes sweeping up, a thousand strong, these negroes who are on the road with me, to find their Calvary, and from that to rise in the spirit, and without the body, as the Lord and Master rose one day !”

That is the positiveness and stability of our platform. It is a platform which has its foundation in the living men and women who are longing to stand up for divine truths, to see them in every dawn that breaks, to find them upon every field of human rights, and to apply a vital religion to the freest and widest and noblest problems of the day. Your blood, and the blood of all America that courses in all veins this morning, is the mediator for America, the life that must be used, and the blood which may be shed for the remission of sins.

THE lecture season has presented no new or striking feature this year. The novelties of the physical world have for great part been escaped by the intellectual. The temperature has ranged neither too hot, nor too cold ; the ‘happy medium,’ so long and well celebrated as the acme of all true and enjoyable existence, has uniformly prevailed. We speak of Boston. Not an earthquake, nor any quaking in the heavens, may be said to have visited us. A few shocks have perchance been recorded, nothing more ; yet there has been no lack of enterprise, and no dearth of fine things. The lecture system itself shows no signs, as some have predicted it would, of decay. On the contrary, it appears to receive re-enforcement from many sources. The opening of halls and theatres for Sunday services is a first approach, and a still nearer may be discovered in the new styles of preaching. It is said that our best preachers are able to take their best sermons, chop off the text, a paragraph at the end, perhaps, and find themselves possessed of a capital lecture, or magazine article even. All this shows a rivalry at least with the lecture system : whether or not it is a good thing, is probably a question that must lie over awhile. Certain it is, however, that the lecture system furnishes more attractions than does the church system ; and that churches thrive in the degree that their ministers spice their discourses either with new thoughts or happy jokes. The dead solemnity that has reigned from ancient days, people begin to feel is something that must be somehow broken through. Herein lies much truth and good sense ; but we must allow, no doubt, for deductions, when the case comes to be fully worked up.

Besides the regular courses in Boston, Mr. Emerson has given a course, which, though falling below in merit a similar course he gave last winter, has attracted a very large attendance every evening. He repeats the course in other places, and requests that no report of them should be made. We noticed that the proportion of young persons who came to hear him was a large increase over the year before, and the attention they gave was evidence of their appreciation. This is sign, of promise again.

Mr. Lowell has recalled his own experience in earlier years, and writes to 'The Nation,' of it, as follows:—

"To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhopèd-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought; sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase; gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sate so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, a-gleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad stir of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. To some of us, that long-past experience remains as the most marvelous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride

over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left, what we carried home, we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked, in return, what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven. Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesale discontent at work in us."

REV. W. R. ALGER is speaking Sunday mornings in Music Hall, which is filled on each occasion.

REV. J. VILA BLAKE has accepted the invitation of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society to serve as their minister.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM lectures before the Parker Fraternity this winter on "Theodore Parker."

THE "Free Religious Club" has held two meetings, this fall, at Mr. John T. Sargent's house. The essay on the first occasion was read by Mr. Wasson, defining liberty. We hope to refer to this essay hereafter, and to the discussion that followed. At the second meeting, Mr. Weiss read a paper in favor of woman's suffrage.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has given a very decided expression of his views of the Unitarian situation. In a sermon preached in his church, after the late Conference, he says:—

"The general temper of the Conference was every way an improvement on the two previous Conferences, and rebuked the temper of the introductory discourse as it deserved. It was truly encouraging to look over the Conference, and see what light had risen within two years on many of its members; how much more generally and fully the great principle of liberty was apprehended than at Syracuse."

He is not satisfied, however, with the result, and hopes for better times and "better things." Mr. Chadwick is able to stand alone, and need not depend on the varying fortunes of caucuses and conventions. He, like many others, by husbanding his energies upon his own work at home would in good time vindicate himself from all reproach therefor.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT is about to visit some of the western towns and cities, to give a series of conversations. Parties wishing to engage him for a series of meetings may address him for the present in care of THE RADICAL.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON in her lecture on "A Struggle for Life," which she is giving this winter, shows her power to hold an audience and discuss plain home facts, and tell the truth however unwelcome.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us from Illinois as follows :—

"I hope before long to send you other subscribers, two or more. It is my earnest desire that you should be able to continue the publication, and that you be able to speak out in boldness and freedom. I love free thought and free speech: they are the breath of spiritual life. What is Samuel Johnson about? A pen like his should not be idle. His contributions to 'The Radical' are among the most valuable.

"Your monthly is doing a good work, a *much-needed* work. How few free minds there are!

"The Unitarians have just started a society here. Their ministers lay down principles that are radical enough, if logically carried out. But they seem afraid to follow any principle to a legitimate conclusion. They quote and hang on texts, trying to put new wine into old bottles. They will not let their 'Lord and Master' go, so that the spirit may come to them. It does n't seem *expedient* to them that he should go away.

W. T. A."

On page 410, in place of the passage commencing in the sixteenth line and ending with twenty-eighth, read as follows :—

What meaning has the beautiful symbol for human life? That, when friends have departed, we see the virtues we had not appreciated before? That, when the great and good are dead and gone, they have justice done them? That sorrows and bereavements are not what they seem, but bring the sublimer blessings which the sunshine hid? That the dread of the human spirit, at the thought of departing life, will turn to glad surprise when it wakes to the star-sown invisible life that was hid behind a dazzling veil of earthly day? That—

"The soul shall know
No fearful change, no sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow?"

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TABLETS: By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868. pp. 208.

We notice that many of the criticisms which have been made upon this book assume that its object is to produce conviction in the minds of the readers, by definite statements of views, by accumulation of style and argument, by the author's commending his whole side. First presume that a book must be what you intend, and you can make short work with it, for the intention which is part of the book does not happen to be your own. One paper treats "Tablets" as if it had been composed by Hamilton or Mill, and is astonished at its want of logical development. Another, assuming that Mr. Alcott's temperament produces definitions, complains of his nebulous paragraphs. Another, pleased by the old English flavor of the chapters upon the Garden, Recreation, and Fellowship, comes to the speculative parts with less shyness than our "organs," as they are called, usually have: it hopes they are all right for the sake of other people, has no doubt they are, but can make nothing of them for want of a point of view. Another paper quarrels outright with a fragment of the author's peculiar view of the relation of man to finite evils, has nothing but contempt for it, and bids it condemn all the other chapters.

Is it impossible to take an author's production for what it is, instead of for what it is not? The criticism that is scribbled in these days may well point the judgment of the best minds that it misleads, where it should disclose and direct. If criticism have any function, it is to state precisely, in the first place, what a book, a song, a poem, a fugue, a symphony, a picture, and a play, is; then proceed to show if it have any right to be what it is, or if it fails upon the very ground which it has presumed to occupy.

A part of this task is not difficult: another part is often very difficult. It is not hard to take the measure and key of a piece of music. Few people mistake *allegretto* for *andante*, or confound the latter with the *scherzo*. And it is quite possible, except in some of our fashionable churches, to tell a polka from an anthem. It is not long before a person of very moderate musical sensibility learns that Bach, Beethoven, Rossini, and Auber, have their respective styles, and themes of a certain quality, more or less intellectual and sentimental. But it is difficult to describe the charm of different composers, to interpret their emotion, to decide if they have enriched the world of tones, to discriminate their strength from their weakness, and to make clear to the general mind what pure human quality each one possesses.

It is very easy to see that no page of Mr. Alcott's is like a page of Cole-

ridge's "Friend;" that he has not Milton's combing waves of paragraphs, nor Hazlitt's peremptory and incisive sentences. We know beforehand, that if we want Lamb, we must look into Elia; and, for beef well mixed, we must have recourse to Arnold. It does not surprise us to find that Mr. Alcott does not make statements like Webster and Parker, nor develop his thoughts with a sustained firmness like theirs. But we might as well complain of all these men, that their mental quality is different from Mr. Alcott's, as to make each a ground of accusation against his.

We ask of every book that it shall do one, if not more, of several things. It shall instruct, convince, controvert, suggest, refine, ennoble, charm. In doing one, it may be so fortunate as to do all the rest: but the rest are no fatal indictments against the one it does. So that we still think, notwithstanding the present condition of periodical criticism, that a time will come when a book on any science will not be scored for failing to be a book of piety; and that "Tablets" will be admitted to the right of not being Webster's Dictionary, or some treatise on the Unconditioned.

For this book expresses its author's temperament as nicely as any book we have ever read. Is the temperament worth expressing? Pure and simple social tastes; calm enjoyment of Nature's freshness and uses; friendliness, forbearance, generosity; intuitive sensibility for spiritual truths — these things are not only worth expressing, but countries that are devastated by coarseness and sensation, by consequential rhetoric, by logical pages that are skeleton leaves, by irreproachable dullness, cry aloud for the undefiled English and earliest morning air of Mr. Alcott's book.

Every page is so simply written, without effort or manifest purpose to turn the leaf before saying something, that the reader does not at first see the kind of excellence that waits him. It is with him all the time, in the clarified sentences that contain years of meditation and economy. There is well-earned thrift and modesty in the style. In the thought are glimpses of a delicate blue, unvexed by winds, dawns towards which a lark, content with its meadow, and well acquainted with it, still loves to soar. A great deal is said before the reader recovers from his expectation of some fine conclusions and sonorous summings-up. The sentences are bland, with the poise of a spiritual mind that has always found its want of dialectics respectable, and its reserve full of re-assuring thoughts.

When he has said anything, he stops. There is no playing with the thought or feeling: it quietly remarks, then goes; and, in going, admits another visitor, without once turning round to point its retreat with wit or humor. These qualities do not appear in the book. All the pages are grave, gentle, and unconscious. They are all in the same tone; but, if the tone is found to be good, we are slow to pronounce it a monotone while recalling more varied and brilliant writers. For "Tablets" must be accepted as the work of a man more devoted to meditation than expression; whose pen has been such a recluse, that, when it steps at last into society, it cannot take up the current modes. This it does not awkwardly attempt; but serenely remembers, and hints the silence of its cell.

What can we say to attract readers to these pure and temperate pages? What can we promise them? Very salutary reflections upon the usages of life and human intercourse, upon friendship and marriage, upon books and the instrumentalities of a spiritual growth. There is very little of what the newspapers style mysticism, but a great deal of intuitive tact to discern the presence of a divine spirit, a sustained reverence for truth, chastity, moderation, and justice.

This book is much less vigorous than the best movements of the Conversation, which has hitherto been Mr. Alcott's favorite mode of expression. We have heard him occasionally break into warmer and nobler passages than any page of his affords. But there is hardly a page which is not better than the average conversation which has lifted Mr. Alcott to his best moments. These printed sentences are not rounds of a ladder which he can afford to kick away as soon as he climbs to sunrise. But with them he does not reach it, and the reader feels that the sword of the spirit is mightier than the pen.

Mr. Alcott has found his best moods in the society that expects and welcomes speech adequate to the unfolding of all the central topics of life and thought. In congenial atmospheres, his temperament is stimulated and kept warm; then he reaches points which he has the appearance of only recalling while he writes. The desk has no magnetism for him: the movements of the pen cannot repeat the ripples of sympathy that used to spread through a room at his genial strokes.

His silence has been always filled with meditations upon cherished themes, but it seems to us that they are not clearly pronounced till the exigency of his listeners surrounds and threatens him. Even then his orbs are not always released from the nebulous condition out of which a creative hour evokes them. But the pen, which gives precision, and frees from surplus marble the shape to be fashioned, would have never been such a potent chisel in his hands, for want of the corresponding temperament. The pen has the fine point that empties the cloud of other men's minds into the salutary flash or spark, and melts or shatters.

It is pleasant to meet in this volume so many traces of nice feeling among other books. He has Ariel's appetite and capacity of choice, and we are delighted to share these sips from far meadows. So that we take the volume up and lay it down as we please: a page at a time may suffice. Interruption snaps no thread; and, when the reader gets back, he has nothing to tie or unravel, nothing to do but sip again. This defect in sequence and cumulative force is not to be regretted, since without it the special charm of the book would be gone.

Take it for what it is. A delicate, spiritual vein lapses through its pages. We could easily provoke ourselves over a strong hint or two of a cosmogony that is peculiar to Mr. Alcott, who makes man testator of all the ills of earth instead of heir to them. A right mental method seems to us fatal to all such speculations. But we might say, if Mr. Alcott's mind had not this

thought are scattered through the volume : its pathos is thrilling, its love passages exquisitely tender and delicate. She gives us shining pictures of the war, in the departure of the famous Seventh Regiment from New York, and the glorious charge of the Fifty-fourth at Wagner. Her vivid portrayal of the horrors of the New-York riots would of itself make a most effective campaign document, and the whole book is an eloquent and intelligent protest against the outlawry occasioned by our American prejudice against color. The preface to the book may be found in its last three lines : "I have written this book, and send it to the consciences and the hearts of the American people. May God, for whose little ones I have here spoken, vivify its words !"

C. A. B.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR PLANET; OR LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.

By William Denton. Boston : William Denton, Publisher. 1868. pp. 343.

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S. N. N.

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Essays. Second Series.

Miscellanies.

Representative Men.

English Traits.

Poems. With Portrait.

Conduct of Life.

May-Day, and other Pieces. 16mo.

Cloth, per volume \$1.00

Half Calf, set \$1.00

Full Calf, " \$2.00

Thoreau, Henry D.

A uniform edition of his works in 2 volumes, as follows:

Walden; or, Life in the Woods.

Excursions in Field and Forest. With

Portrait.

The Maine Woods.

Cape Cod.

Letters.

A Yankee in Canada.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. 16mo. Cloth. Per vol. 60c

Half Calf. 6 vols \$2.50

Arnold, Matthew.

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Cloth 2.50

Half Calf 4.00

Full Calf 4.50

Large Paper. Cloth. Only 75 copies

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Marcus Antoninus

(The Emperor). Thoughts of. 1 vol. 16mo. 1.50

Saadi's Gulistan.

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Part I. Confucius 1.50

Besides the regular courses in Boston, Mr. Emerson has given a course, which, though falling below in merit a similar course he gave last winter, has attracted a very large attendance every evening. He repeats the course in other places, and requests that no report of them should be made. We noticed that the proportion of young persons who came to hear him was a large increase over the year before, and the attention they gave was evidence of their appreciation. This is sign, of promise again.

Mr. Lowell has recalled his own experience in earlier years, and writes to 'The Nation,' of it, as follows:—

"To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with un hoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought; sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase; gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sate so long that we had grown well-nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, a-gleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad stir of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. To some of us, that long-past experience remains as the most marvelous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride

over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left, what we carried home, we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked, in return, what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven. Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesale discontent at work in us."

REV. W. R. ALGER is speaking Sunday mornings in Music Hall, which is filled on each occasion.

REV. J. VILA BLAKE has accepted the invitation of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society to serve as their minister.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM lectures before the Parker Fraternity this winter on "Theodore Parker."

THE "Free Religious Club" has held two meetings, this fall, at Mr. John T. Sargent's house. The essay on the first occasion was read by Mr. Wasson, defining liberty. We hope to refer to this essay hereafter, and to the discussion that followed. At the second meeting, Mr. Weiss read a paper in favor of woman's suffrage.

REV. J. W. CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has given a very decided expression of his views of the Unitarian situation. In a sermon preached in his church, after the late Conference, he says:—

"The general temper of the Conference was every way an improvement on the two previous Conferences, and rebuked the temper of the introductory discourse as it deserved. It was truly encouraging to look over the Conference, and see what light had risen within two years on many of its members; how much more generally and fully the great principle of liberty was apprehended than at Syracuse."

He is not satisfied, however, with the result, and hopes for better times and "better things." Mr. Chadwick is able to stand alone, and need not depend on the varying fortunes of caucuses and conventions. He, like many others, by husbanding his energies upon his own work at home would in good time vindicate himself from all reproach therefor.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT is about to visit some of the western towns and cities, to give a series of conversations. Parties wishing to engage him for a series of meetings may address him for the present in care of THE RADICAL.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON in her lecture on "A Struggle for Life," which she is giving this winter, shows her power to hold an audience and discuss plain home facts, and tell the truth however unwelcome.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us from Illinois as follows :—

"I hope before long to send you other subscribers, two or more. It is my earnest desire that you should be able to continue the publication, and that you be able to speak out in boldness and freedom. I love free thought and free speech: they are the breath of spiritual life. What is Samuel Johnson about? A pen like his should not be idle. His contributions to 'The Radical' are among the most valuable.

"Your monthly is doing a good work, a *much-needed* work. How few free minds there are!

"The Unitarians have just started a society here. Their ministers lay down principles that are radical enough, if logically carried out. But they seem afraid to follow any principle to a legitimate conclusion. They quote and hang on texts, trying to put new wine into old bottles. They will not let their 'Lord and Master' go, so that the spirit may come to them. It does n't seem *expedient* to them that he should go away.

W. T. A."

ON page 410, in place of the passage commencing in the sixteenth line and ending with twenty-eighth, read as follows :—

What meaning has the beautiful symbol for human life? That, when friends have departed, we see the virtues we had not appreciated before? That, when the great and good are dead and gone, they have justice done them? That sorrows and bereavements are not what they seem, but bring the sublimer blessings which the sunshine hid? That the dread of the human spirit, at the thought of departing life, will turn to glad surprise when it wakes to the star-sown invisible life that was hid behind a dazzling veil of earthly day? That—

"The soul shall know
No fearful change, no sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow"?

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TABLETS: By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868. pp. 208.

We notice that many of the criticisms which have been made upon this book assume that its object is to produce conviction in the minds of the readers, by definite statements of views, by accumulation of style and argument, by the author's commending his whole side. First presume that a book must be what you intend, and you can make short work with it, for the intention which is part of the book does not happen to be your own. One paper treats "Tablets" as if it had been composed by Hamilton or Mill, and is astonished at its want of logical development. Another, assuming that Mr. Alcott's temperament produces definitions, complains of his nebulous paragraphs. Another, pleased by the old English flavor of the chapters upon the Garden, Recreation, and Fellowship, comes to the speculative parts with less shyness than our "organs," as they are called, usually have: it hopes they are all right for the sake of other people, has no doubt they are, but can make nothing of them for want of a point of view. Another paper quarrels outright with a fragment of the author's peculiar view of the relation of man to finite evils, has nothing but contempt for it, and bids it condemn all the other chapters.

Is it impossible to take an author's production for what it is, instead of for what it is not? The criticism that is scribbled in these days may well point the judgment of the best minds that it misleads, where it should disclose and direct. If criticism have any function, it is to state precisely, in the first place, what a book, a song, a poem, a fugue, a symphony, a picture, and a play, is; then proceed to show if it have any right to be what it is, or if it fails upon the very ground which it has presumed to occupy.

A part of this task is not difficult: another part is often very difficult. It is not hard to take the measure and key of a piece of music. Few people mistake *allegretto* for *andante*, or confound the latter with the *scherzo*. And it is quite possible, except in some of our fashionable churches, to tell a polka from an anthem. It is not long before a person of very moderate musical sensibility learns that Bach, Beethoven, Rossini, and Auber, have their respective styles, and themes of a certain quality, more or less intellectual and sentimental. But it is difficult to describe the charm of different composers, to interpret their emotion, to decide if they have enriched the world of tones, to discriminate their strength from their weakness, and to make clear to the general mind what pure human quality each one possesses.

It is very easy to see that no page of Mr. Alcott's is like a page of Cole-

ridge's "Friend;" that he has not Milton's combing waves of paragraphs, nor Hazlitt's peremptory and incisive sentences. We know beforehand, that if we want Lamb, we must look into Elia; and, for beef well mixed, we must have recourse to Arnold. It does not surprise us to find that Mr. Alcott does not make statements like Webster and Parker, nor develop his thoughts with a sustained firmness like theirs. But we might as well complain of all these men, that their mental quality is different from Mr. Alcott's, as to make each a ground of accusation against his.

We ask of every book that it shall do one, if not more, of several things. It shall instruct, convince, controvert, suggest, refine, ennoble, charm. In doing one, it may be so fortunate as to do all the rest: but the rest are no fatal indictments against the one it does. So that we still think, notwithstanding the present condition of periodical criticism, that a time will come when a book on any science will not be scored for failing to be a book of piety; and that "Tablets" will be admitted to the right of not being Webster's Dictionary, or some treatise on the Unconditioned.

For this book expresses its author's temperament as nicely as any book we have ever read. Is the temperament worth expressing? Pure and simple social tastes; calm enjoyment of Nature's freshness and uses; friendliness, forbearance, generosity; intuitive sensibility for spiritual truths — these things are not only worth expressing, but countries that are devastated by coarseness and sensation, by consequential rhetoric, by logical pages that are skeleton leaves, by irreproachable dullness, cry aloud for the undefiled English and earliest morning air of Mr. Alcott's book.

Every page is so simply written, without effort or manifest purpose to turn the leaf before saying something, that the reader does not at first see the kind of excellence that waits him. It is with him all the time, in the clarified sentences that contain years of meditation and economy. There is well-earned thrift and modesty in the style. In the thought are glimpses of a delicate blue, unvexed by winds, dawns towards which a lark, content with its meadow, and well acquainted with it, still loves to soar. A great deal is said before the reader recovers from his expectation of some fine conclusions and sonorous summings-up. The sentences are bland, with the poise of a spiritual mind that has always found its want of dialectics respectable, and its reserve full of re-assuring thoughts.

When he has said anything, he stops. There is no playing with the thought or feeling: it quietly remarks, then goes; and, in going, admits another visitor, without once turning round to point its retreat with wit or humor. These qualities do not appear in the book. All the pages are grave, gentle, and unconscious. They are all in the same tone; but, if the tone is found to be good, we are slow to pronounce it a monotone while recalling more varied and brilliant writers. For "Tablets" must be accepted as the work of a man more devoted to meditation than expression; whose pen has been such a recluse, that, when it steps at last into society, it cannot take up the current modes. This it does not awkwardly attempt; but serenely remembers, and hints the silence of its cell.

What can we say to attract readers to these pure and temperate pages? What can we promise them? Very salutary reflections upon the usages of life and human intercourse, upon friendship and marriage, upon books and the instrumentalities of a spiritual growth. There is very little of what the newspapers style mysticism, but a great deal of intuitive tact to discern the presence of a divine spirit, a sustained reverence for truth, chastity, moderation, and justice.

This book is much less vigorous than the best movements of the Conversation, which has hitherto been Mr. Alcott's favorite mode of expression. We have heard him occasionally break into warmer and nobler passages than any page of his affords. But there is hardly a page which is not better than the average conversation which has lifted Mr. Alcott to his best moments. These printed sentences are not rounds of a ladder which he can afford to kick away as soon as he climbs to sunrise. But with them he does not reach it, and the reader feels that the sword of the spirit is mightier than the pen.

Mr. Alcott has found his best moods in the society that expects and welcomes speech adequate to the unfolding of all the central topics of life and thought. In congenial atmospheres, his temperament is stimulated and kept warm; then he reaches points which he has the appearance of only recalling while he writes. The desk has no magnetism for him: the movements of the pen cannot repeat the ripples of sympathy that used to spread through a room at his genial strokes.

His silence has been always filled with meditations upon cherished themes, but it seems to us that they are not clearly pronounced till the exigency of his listeners surrounds and threatens him. Even then his orbs are not always released from the nebulous condition out of which a creative hour evokes them. But the pen, which gives precision, and frees from surplus marble the shape to be fashioned, would have never been such a potent chisel in his hands, for want of the corresponding temperament. The pen has the fine point that empties the cloud of other men's minds into the salutary flash or spark, and melts or shatters.

It is pleasant to meet in this volume so many traces of nice feeling among other books. He has Ariel's appetite and capacity of choice, and we are delighted to share these sips from far meadows. So that we take the volume up and lay it down as we please: a page at a time may suffice. Interruption snaps no thread; and, when the reader gets back, he has nothing to tie or unravel, nothing to do but sip again. This defect in sequence and cumulative force is not to be regretted, since without it the special charm of the book would be gone.

Take it for what it is. A delicate, spiritual vein lapses through its pages. We could easily provoke ourselves over a strong hint or two of a cosmogony that is peculiar to Mr. Alcott, who makes man testator of all the ills of earth instead of heir to them. A right mental method seems to us fatal to all such speculations. But we might say, if Mr. Alcott's mind had not this

The Radical.

failing, it would not have its excellence. That is a mood, and not a process : it is fine weather on table-land. He gives us occasionally a warm, clear day on fields that slope towards a prospect, with unspoiled air to breathe. Below we see right mental method, running on its network of rails that fetter together kindred points, transmit freight and expresses, and maintain the syllogism of the commonwealth.

There is an old quaintness of phrase, in Mr. Alcott's style, that sometimes makes him appear deliberately to set a truism upon stilts. He has been accused of this by men whose chronic truism makes some hyperbolical fiend prayed for on the instant, to snatch us from their limbo of dullness, we don't care whether heavenward or elsewhere. It would not be difficult to quote some of these rather puffy aphorisms which have excited the animosity of didactic minds. Mr. Alcott should not be charged with affectation. Say, rather, his pen shows that it is not quite at home by this constraint of style : it does not know how to lounge, and be on easy terms with the average guest, but keeps up the company air.

But let people decide as they will what are the defects of the book. They cannot abolish its healthy simplicity, its noble aim, its courteous temper, its sensibility for things that the conscience of mankind declares to be divine. We do not recognize on the lists of books published by denominational activity a more religious treatise.

J. W.

WHAT ANSWER? By Anna E. Dickinson. Ticknor & Fields. Boston. 1868.

WHEN Mr. Conservative crowler first saw Music Hall filled by an eager throng whom the name of Anna E. Dickinson had attracted, he observed loftily, "Curiosity, mere curiosity." To which some of us replied with a nipper-like tartness, "If curiosity can keep men standing for two hours in a crowded hall to hear a 'Xantippe with a pretty face and no brains,' (these were the epithets Mr. C. G. was fond of quoting from 'good authority' concerning the lecturer), "their curiosity ought never to be set down again as a purely feminine attribute."

"She'll exhaust her ideas in a lecture or two," said the croakers, who wished her well, but had small faith in feminine ability. But with each succeeding autumn came the noble little woman, bearing her sheaves of freshly garnered thought, and her audiences grew larger and rarer, till at last even C. G. and the Croakers gave in, "good authority" ceased to call names, and her success as a lecturer became a fixed and brilliant fact. She comes forward now as an aspirant for other honors. *What answer* the public will make to her new claims, is still a question. The fame of the author and her publishers is a sufficient voucher for the ready sale of her book ; but we shall be mistaken if a perusal of it does not quash forever the accusation of "no brains," and secure her that recognition as a novelist that she now enjoys as a lecturer.

While it would be an impertinence, for which Miss Dickinson herself

would hardly thank us, to ask for her an enthusiastic reception as an author, on the score of the inestimable services she has rendered the republic in another sphere, yet we must deprecate in advance that hypercriticism of the book [as a production purely literary], which, chary of allowing two transcendent successes to one person, that one a woman, will doubtless seize upon some minor faults of style and language for its condemnation:

To those who, with no special love for the author, and no sympathy with her subject, seek merely a book for the hour, we commend it as a powerfully written and intensely interesting novel; and to those earnest and thoughtful minds, that are bent upon the right solution of those problems that are forced upon us to-day by the exigencies of our social and political life, it will give strength and conviction. The story opens with one of those clear-cut sentences, with which, in her lectures, Miss Dickinson always insures the attention of her audience; and the interest, thus awakened, abates only with the close of the volume.

The hero, a favorite of fortune, strolls into his father's foundry, and is there made to realize the injustice of the vulgar prejudice against color. The men are indignant that a negro bookkeeper has been put over them. Jim, the foreman, says, "'T an't what he's done; it's what he is.'" "And what is he?" innocently asks Surrey. "Hê's a nigger, and that's the long and short of it. Nobody'd object to him if he was a runner, or an errand boy, or anything that it's right and proper for a nigger to be; but to have him sitting in the office, writing letters for the boss, going over the books, and being as fine as a fiddle, is what the boys won't stand."

The fate of this bookkeeper forms one of the tragic accessories of the story. There is no timidity in the introduction, nor fanaticism in the unfolding of the plot, which, though not obscure, is ably managed. There is nothing impossible or unnatural in the situation, nothing overwrought in the description. An air of reality pervades the whole, and indeed it has its foundation in fact.

Now and then the reader has a glimpse of the author's own experience, as when some one, criticising Francesca upon the platform, says, "Heavens! what an actress she would make!"

"That's genius," says another, behind them; "but what a subject to waste it upon!"

"Very bad taste, to be sure," says a third; "but one can excuse a great deal to beauty like that."

Here and there, too, is a personal characteristic. The heroine delights in dainty laces. The poorest part of the book is the epistolary. Miss Dickinson has outgrown that redundancy of style which disfigured some of her earlier orations. There is here no superfluity of adjectives: every word is short, sharp, and strong.

Surrey, wounded at Chancellorsville, is "not dead, but at death's door, and looking in."

Her dramatic power holds us here as ever, spell-bound. Rich grains of

thought are scattered through the volume: its pathos is thrilling, its love passages exquisitely tender and delicate. She gives us shining pictures of the war, in the departure of the famous Seventh Regiment from New York, and the glorious charge of the Fifty-fourth at Wagner. Her vivid portrayal of the horrors of the New-York riots would of itself make a most effective campaign document, and the whole book is an eloquent and intelligent protest against the outlawry occasioned by our American prejudice against color. The preface to the book may be found in its last three lines: "I have written this book, and send it to the consciences and the hearts of the American people. May God, for whose little ones I have here spoken, vivify its words!"

C. A. B.

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 Part I. Confucius 1 50

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Plutarch's Lives.

Revised and corrected by A. H. Clough.
5 vols. 8vo. Cloth \$15 00
Half Calf 25 00
Full Calf 30 00

Plato.

Bohn's Edition, 6 vols. 12mo. Per vol. 2 25

Grote's Plato, and the other

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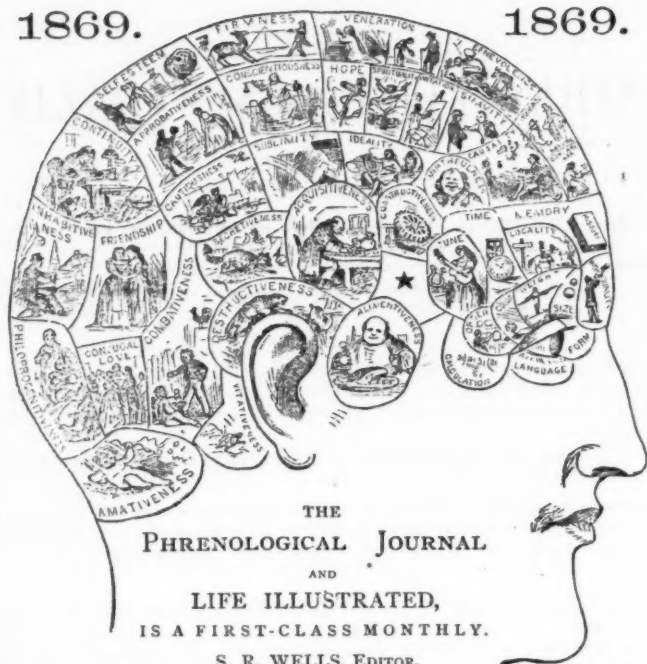
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